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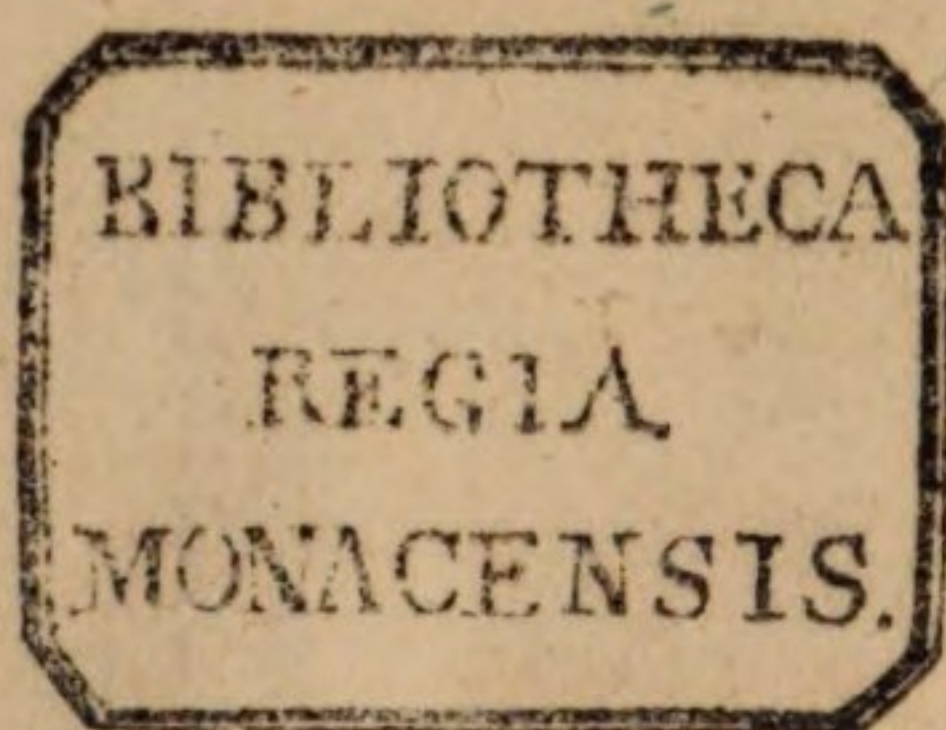
BRITISH POETS.

V O L. XL.

E D I N B U R G H:

Printed for J. BALFOUR and W. CREECH.

M, DCC, LXXIII.



T H E
P O E M S

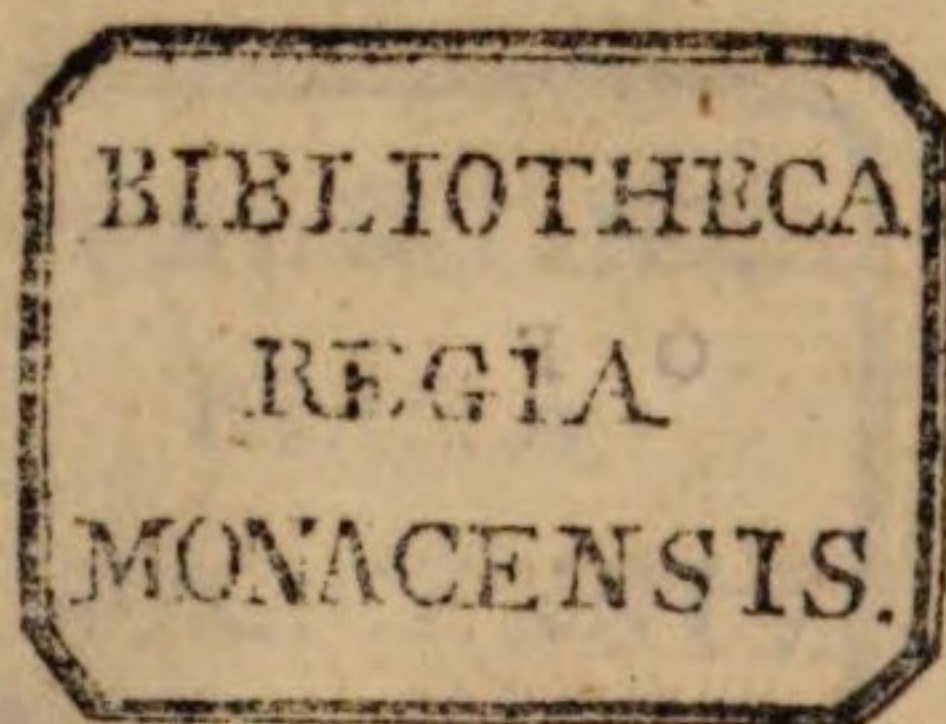
O F

MARK AKENSIDE, M. D.

E D I N B U R G H :

Printed for J. BALFOUR and W. CREECH.

M, DCC, LXXIII.



T H E C O N T E N T S.

	<i>Page</i>
T H E P L E A S U R E S O F I M A G I N A T I O N.	
The Design, - - -	iii
Book the First, - - -	3
Book the Second, - - -	25
Book the Third, - - -	53

O D E S O N S E V E R A L S U B J E C T S.

B O O K I.

O D E I.	Preface, - - -	75
2.	On the Winter-Solstice, - - -	77
3.	To a Friend, unsuccessful in Love, - - -	81
4.	Affected Indifference. To the same, - - -	84
5.	Against Suspicion, - - -	85
6.	Hymn to Cheerfulness, - - -	88
7.	On the Use of Poetry, - - -	94
8.	On leaving Holland, - - -	96
9.	To Curio, - - -	99
10.	To the Muse, - - -	106
11.	On Love, to a Friend, - - -	107
12.	To Sir Francis Henry Drake, Baronet, - - -	110
13.	On Lyric Poetry, - - -	114
14.	To the Hon. Charles Townshend, from the Country, - - -	119
15.	To the Evening Star, - - -	121
16.	To Caleb Hardinge, M. D. - - -	125
17.	On a sermon against Glory, - - -	127
18.	To the Right Honourable Francis Earl of Huntingdon, - - -	128

C O N T E N T S.

B O O K II.

Page

● D E	I.	The Remonstrance of Shakespeare, supposed to have been spoken at the Theatre Royal, while the French Comedians were acting by Subscription, - - -	141
	2.	To Sleep, - - -	145
	3.	To the Cuckow, - - -	147
	4.	To the Hon. Charles Townshend, in the Country, - - -	149
	5.	On Love of Praise, - - -	156
	6.	To William Hall, Esquire, with the Works of Chaulieu, - - -	157
	7.	To the Right Reverend Benjamin Lord Bishop of Winchester, - - -	159
	8.	- - - - -	163
	9.	At Study, - - -	164
	10.	To Thomas Edwards, Esquire, on the late Edition of Mr Pope's Works, - - -	166
	11.	To the Country - Gentlemen of England, - - -	169
	12.	On recovering from a Fit of Sicknefs, in the Country, - - -	176
	13.	To the Author of Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg, - - -	180
	14.	The Complaint, - - -	182
	15.	On domestic manners, [unfinished,]	183

C O N T E N T S.

Page

HYMN TO THE NAIADS.

Argument,	-	-	-	-	-	-	186
The Hymn,	-	-	-	-	-	-	187

I N S C R I P T I O N S.

1.	For a Grotto,	-	-	-	-	201
2.	For a Statue of Chaucer at Woodstock,					202
3.	-	-	-	-	-	203
4.	-	-	-	-	-	204
5.	-	-	-	-	-	205
6.	For a Column at Runnymede,				-	<i>ibid.</i>
7.	The Wood-nymph,	-	-	-	-	206
8.	-	-	-	-	-	207
.	-	-	-	-	-	208

APPENDIX TO THE NARRATIVE

180. - - - - -
181. - - - - -
182. - - - - -

INDEX

101	For a Circle	1
102	For a Series of Circles at Work	2
103	- - - - -	3
104	- - - - -	4
105	- - - - -	5
106	For a Column at Work	6
107	The Wood-works	7
108	- - - - -	8
109	- - - - -	9
110	- - - - -	10

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK

THE

PLEASURES

OF

IMAGINATION.

BOOK THE FIRST.

1

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE subject proposed. Difficulty of treating it poetically. The ideas of the divine mind, the origin of every quality pleasing to the imagination. The natural variety of constitution in the minds of men, with its final cause. The idea of a fine imagination, and the state of the mind in the enjoyment of those pleasures which it affords. All the primary pleasures of the imagination result from the perception of greatness, or wonderfulness, or beauty in objects. The pleasure from greatness, with its final cause. Pleasure from novelty or wonderfulness, with its final cause. Pleasure from beauty, with its final cause. The connection of beauty with truth and good, applied to the conduct of life. Invitation to the study of moral philosophy. The different degrees of beauty, in different species of objects: Colour; shape; natural concretes; vegetables; animals; the mind. The sublime, the fair, the wonderful of the mind. The connection of the imagination and the moral faculty. Conclusion.

THE
P L E A S U R E S
O F
I M A G I N A T I O N.
B O O K I.

WITH what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of Nature touches the consenting hearts
Of mortal men ; and what the pleasing stores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil ;
My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle pow'rs
Of musical delight ! and while I sing
Your gifts, your honours, dance around my strain.
Thou, smiling queen of every tuneful breast,
Indulgent Fancy ! from the fruitful banks
Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull
Fresh flow'rs and dews to sprinkle on the turf
Where Shakespeare lies, be present : And with thee
Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings
Wafting ten thousand colours through the air,
Which, by the glances of her magic eye,
She blends and shifts at will, thro' countless forms,
Her wild creation, Goddess of the lyre

Which rules the accents of the moving sphere, 19
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony ! descend,
And join this festive train ? For with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,
Majestic Truth ; and where Truth deigns to come,
Her sister Liberty will not be far.
Be present all ye Genii, who conduct
The wand'ring footsteps of the youthful bard,
New to your springs and shades : Who touch his ear
With finer sounds : Who heighten to his eye
The bloom of Nature, and before him turn
The gayest, happiest attitude of things.

Oft have the laws of each poetic strain
The critic verse employ'd ; yet still unsung
Lay this prime subject, tho' importing most
A poet's name : For fruitless is th' attempt,
By dull obedience and by creeping toil
Obscure to conquer the severe ascent
Of high Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath
Must fire the chosen genius ; Nature's hand
Must string his nerves, and imp his eagle-wings
Impatient of the painful sleep, to soar
High as the summit ; there to breathe at large
Ætherial air : With bards and sages old,
Immortal sons of praise. These flatt'ring scenes,
To this neglected labour court my song ;
Yet not unconscious what a doubtful task
To paint the finest features of the mind,
And to most subtle and mysterious things
Give colour, strength, and motion. But the love
Of Nature and the Muses bids explore,
'Thro' secret paths erewhile untrod by man,

The fair poetic region, to detect 51
Untasted springs, to drink inspiring draughts,
And shade my temples with unfading flow'rs
Cull'd from the laureat vale's profound recess,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before.

From heav'n my strains begin ; from heaven descends
The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy
And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
Sprang from the East, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon suspended her serener lamp ;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the globe ;
Or wisdom taught the sons of men her lore ;
Then liv'd th' Almighty One : Then, deep-retir'd
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things ;
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods and streams, the rowling globe,
And wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration : Till in time compleat,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life, informing each organic frame ;
Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves ;
Hence light and shade alternate ; warmth and cold ;
And clear autumnal skies and vernal show'rs,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims
Of social life, to diff'rent labours urge
The active pow'rs of man ; with wise intent.

The hand of Nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a diff'rent byass, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heav'n : To some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulse : Others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins
Of herbs and flow'rs ; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, distilling from the clefted rind
In balmy tears. But some, to higher hopes
Were destin'd ; some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The transcript of himself. On ev'ry part
They trace the bright impressions of his hand :
In earth or air, the meadows purple stores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portray'd
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind supreme. They also feel her charms,
Enamour'd ; they partake th' eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, founded thro' the warbling air
Unbidden strains ; even so did Nature's hand
To certain species of external things,

Attune the finer organs of the mind : II5
So the glad impulse of congenial pow'rs,
Or of sweet sound, or fair-proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
'Thrills thro' imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve : All naked and alive
They catch the spreading rays : Till now the soul
At length discloses every tuneful spring,
To that harmonious movement from without,
Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain
Diffuses its enchantment : Fancy dreams
Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,
And vales of bliss : The intellectual Pow'r
Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,
And smiles : The passions, gently sooth'd away,
Sink to divine repose, and love and joy,
Alone are waking ; love and joy, serene
As airs that fan the summer. O ! attend,
Whoe'er thou art whom these delights can touch,
Whose candid bosom the refining love
Of Nature warms, O ! listen to my song ;
And I will guide thee to her fav'rite walks,
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliest features to thy view.

Know then, whate'er of Nature's pregnant stores,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms
With love and admiration thus inflame
The pow'rs of fancy, her delighted sons
To three illustrious orders have referr'd ;
Three sister-graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue confesses ; the sublime,
The wonderful, the fair. I see them dawn !

83
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 The poet's tongue confesses ; the sublime,
 The wonderful, the fair. I see them dawn !

I see the radiant visions, where they rise, 147
 More lovely than when Lucifer displays
 His beaming forehead thro' the gates of morn,
 To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring.

Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
 Amid the vast creation ; why ordain'd
 Thro' life and death to dart his piercing eye,
 With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame ;
 But that th' Omnipotent might send him forth
 In sight of mortal and immortal pow'rs,
 As on a boundless theatre, to run
 The great career of justice ; to exalt
 His generous aim to all diviner deeds ;
 To chafe each partial purpose from his breast ;
 And thro' the mists of passion and of sense,
 And thro' the tossing tide of chance and pain
 To hold his course unsalt'ring, while the voice
 Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent
 Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,
 Th' applauding smile of heav'n ? Else wherefore burns,
 In mortal bosoms, this unquenched hope
 That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
 And mocks possession ? Wherefore darts the mind,
 With such resistless ardor to embrace
 Majestic forms ; impatient to be free,
 Spurning the gross controul of wilful might ;
 Proud of the strong contention of her toils ;
 Proud to be daring ? Who but rather turns
 To heav'n's broad fire his unconstrained view,
 Than to the glimm'ring of a waxen flame ?
 Who that, from Alpine heights, his lab'ring eye
 Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey

Nilus or Ganges rowling his bright wave 179
Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with shade,
And continents of sand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heav'n-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Thro' fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the volley'd lightning thro' the heav'ns;
Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars,
The blue profound, and hovering round the sun
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd
She darts her swiftnefs up the long career
Of devious comets; thro' its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views
Th' empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heav'n, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
Ev'n on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates th' eternal depth below;
Till, half-recoiling, down the headlong steep
plu nges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up.

In that immense of being. There her hopes 211
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the Sovran Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flow'ry lap,
The soul should find enjoyment : But from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Thro' all th' ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

Call now to mind what high capacious pow'rs
Lie folded up in man ; how far beyond
The praise of mortals, may the eternal growth
Of Nature to perfection half divine,
Expand the blooming soul ? What pity then
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
Her tender blossom ; choak the streams of life,
And blast her spring ! Far otherwise design'd
Almighty Wisdom ; Nature's happy cares
Th' obedient heart far otherwise incline.
Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active pow'r
To brisker measures : Witness the neglect
Of all familiar prospects, tho' beheld
With transport once ; the fond, attentive gaze
Of young astonishment ; the sober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
For such the bounteous providence of heav'n,
In every breast implanting this desire
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to pursue

Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul, 243
 In Truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
 To paint its pow'r? For this the daring youth
 Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
 In foreign climes to rove: The pensive sage,
 Heedless of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
 Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and untir'd
 The virgin follows, with enchanted step,
 The mazes of some wild and wond'rous tale,
 From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
 Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
 The wishes of the youth, when every maid
 With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night
 The village matron, round the blazing hearth,
 Suspends the infant-audience with her tales,
 Breathing astonishment! of witching rhymes,
 And evil spirits; of the death-bed call
 Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
 The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls
 Ris'n from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
 Of deeds in life conceal'd; of shapes that walk
 At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
 The torch of hell around the murd'ers bed.
 At ev'ry solemn pause the crowd recoil,
 Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
 With shiv'ring sighs: Till eager for the event,
 Around the beldame all arrest they hang,
 Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.
 But lo! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp,
 Where Beauty onward moving claims the verse
 Her charms inspire: The freely flowing verse
 In thy immortal praise, O form divine!

Smooths her mellifluous stream. Thee, Beauty, thee, 275
The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray
The mossy roofs adore : Thou, better sun !
For ever beamest on th' enchanted heart
Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
Poetic. Brightest progeny of heav'n !
How shall I trace thy features ? where select
The roseate hues to emulate thy bloom ?
Haste then, my song, thro' Nature's wide expanse,
Haste then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,
Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
With laughing autumn to the Atlantic isles,
And range with him th' Hesperian field, and see
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches shoot with gold ; where'er his step
Marks the glad soil, the tender clusters grow
With purple ripeness, and invest each hill
As with the blushes of an evening sky ?
Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume,
Where, gliding thro' his daughter's honour'd shades,
The smooth Peneus from his glassy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene ?
Fair Tempe ! haunt belov'd of sylvan pow'rs,
Of nymphs and fauns ; where in the golden age
They play'd in secret on the shady brink
With ancient Pan : While round their choral steps
Young hours and genial gales with constant hand
Show'r'd blossoms, odours, show'r'd ambrosial dews,
And spring's Elysian bloom. Her flow'ry store
To thee nor Tempe shall refuse ; nor watch

Of winged Hydra guard Hesperian fruits 307
 From thy free spoil. O bear then, unprov'd,
 Thy smiling treasures to the green recess
 Where young Dione stays. With sweetest airs
 Intice her forth to lend her angel-form
 For beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
 Thy graceful footsteps; hither, gentle maid,
 Incline thy polish'd forehead: Let thy eyes
 Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn;
 And may the fanning breezes waft aside
 Thy radiant locks, disclosing as it bends
 With airy softness from the marble neck,
 The cheek fair-blooming, and the rosy lip,
 Where winning smiles and pleasure sweet as love,
 With sanctity and wisdom, temp'ring blend
 Their soft allurements. Then the pleasing force
 Of Nature, and her kind parental care,
 Worthier I'd sing: Then all th' enamour'd youth,
 With each admiring virgin, to my lyre
 Should throng attentive, while I point on high
 Where beauty's living image, like the morn
 That wakes in zephyrs arms the blushing May,
 Moves onward; or as Venus, when she stood
 Effulgent on the pearly car, and smil'd,
 Fresh from the deep, and conscious of her form,
 To see the Tritons tune their vocal shells,
 And each cerulean sister of the flood
 With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves,
 To seek th' Idalian bow'r. Ye smiling band
 Of youths and virgins, who thro' all the maze
 Of young desire with rival-steps pursue
 This charm of beauty; if the pleasing toil

Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and trust my words.
I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
Of superstition drest in wisdom's garb,
To damp your tender hopes; I do not mean
To bid the jealous thund'rer fire the heav'ns,
Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth
To fright you from your joys: My chearful song
With better omens calls you to the field,
Pleas'd with your gen'rous ardour in the chace,
And warm like you. Then tell me, for you know,
Does beauty ever deign to dwell where health
And active use are strangers? Is her charm
Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitless? Or did Nature mean
This pleasing call the herald of a lye;
To hide the shame of discord and disease,
And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart
Of idle faith? O no! with better cares,
Th' indulgent mother, conscious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
By this illustrious image, in each kind
Still most illustrious where the object holds
Its native powers most perfect, she by this
Illumes the headstrong impulse of desire,
And sanctifies his choice. The generous glebe
Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract
Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,
And every charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a state sincere,
Th' integrity and order of their frame,

When all is well within, and every end 371
 Accomplish'd. Thus was beauty sent from heav'n,
 The lovely mistress of truth and good
 In this dark world : For truth and good are one,
 And beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
 With like participation. Wherefore then,
 O sons of earth ! would you dissolve the tie ?
 O wherefore, with a rash impetuous aim,
 Seek ye those flow'ry joys with which the hand
 Of lavish fancy paints each flattering scene
 Where beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire
 Where is the sanction of eternal truth,
 Or where the seal of undecitful good,
 To save your search from folly ? Wanting these,
 Lo ! beauty withers in your void embrace,
 And with the glitt'ring of an idiot's toy
 Did fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
 Of youthful hope that shines upon your hearts,
 Be chill'd or clouded at this awful task,
 To learn the lore of undecitful good,
 And truth eternal. Tho' the pois'nous charms
 Of baleful superstition, guide the feet
 Of servile numbers, thro' a dreary way
 To their abode, thro' deserts, thorns and mire ;
 And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn
 To muse, at last, amid the ghostly gloom
 Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloister'd cells ;
 To walk with spectres thro' the midnight shade,
 And to the screaming owl's accursed song
 Attune the dreadful workings of his heart ;
 Yet be not ye dismay'd. A gentler star
 Your lovely search illumines. From the grove

Where wisdom talk'd with her Athenian sons, 443
Could my ambitious hand intwine a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay.
Then should my pow'rful verse at once dispel
Those monkish horrors : Then in light divine
Disclose th' Elysian prospect, where the steps
Of those whom Nature charms, thro' blooming walks,
Thro' fragrant mountains and poetic streams,
Amid the train of sages, heroes, bards,
Led by their winged genius and the choir
Of laurel'd science and harmonious art,
Proceed exulting to th' eternal shrine,
Where truth conspicuous with her sister-twins,
The undivided partners of her sway,
With good and beauty reigns. O let not us,
Lull'd by luxurious pleasure's languid strain,
Or crouching to the frowns of bigot-rage,
O let us not a moment pause to join
That god-like band. And if the gracious pow'r
Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song,
Will to my invocation breathe anew
The tuneful spirit ; then thro' all our paths,
Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre
Be wanting ; whether on the rosy mead,
When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
Of luxury's allurements ; whether firm
Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
To urge bold virtue's unremitted nerve,
And wake the strong divinity of soul
That conquers chance and fate ; or whether struck
For sounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
Upon the lofty summit, round her brow

To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise ; 435
 To trace her hallow'd light thro' future worlds,
 And bless heaven's image in the heart of man.

Thus with a faithful aim have we presum'd,
 Advent'rous, to delineate Nature's form ;
 Whether in vast, majestic pomp array'd,
 Or dress'd for pleasing wonder, or serene
 In beauty's rosy smile. It now remains,
 Thro' various being's fair proportion'd scale,
 To trace the rising lustre of her charms,
 From their first twilight, shining forth at length
 To full meridian splendour. Of degree
 The least and lowliest in th' effusive warmth
 Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
 Doth beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
 And variation of determin'd shape,
 Where truth's eternal measures mark the bound
 Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
 Unites this varied symmetry of parts
 With colour's bland allurement ; as the pearl
 Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
 And painted shells indent their speckled wreath.
 Then more attractive rise the blooming forms,
 Thro' which the breath of Nature has infus'd
 Her genial power, to draw with pregnant veins
 Nutritious moisture from the bounteous earth,
 In fruit and seed prolific : Thus the flow'rs
 Their purple honours with the spring resume ;
 And such the stately tree which autumn bends
 With blushing treasures. But more lovely still
 Is Nature's charm, where to the full consent
 Of complicated members, to the bloom

Of colour, and the vital change of growth, 467
Life's holy flame and piercing sense are giv'n,
And active motion speaks the temper'd soul :
So moves the bird of Juno ; so the steed
With rival ardour beats the dusty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. Thus doth beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, ev'n in outward shape,
Where dawns the high expression of a mind :
By steps conducting our enraptur'd search
To that eternal Origin, whose pow'r,
Thro' all th' unbounded symmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
'This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd.
Mind, mind alone, (bear witness, earth and heaven!)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime : Here, hand in hand,
Sit paramount the Graces ; here inthron'd,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad thro' Nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres
Wheeling unshaken thro' the void immense ;
And speak, O man ! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the croud of patriots ; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country, hail !

For lo ! the tyrant prostrate on the dust, 499
 And Rome again is free !—Is aught so fair
 In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
 In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
 In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
 As virtuous friendship ? as the candid blush
 Of him who strives with fortune to be just ?
 The graceful tear that streams for other's woes ?
 Or the mild majesty of private life,
 Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
 The gate ; where honour's liberal hands effuse
 Unenvy'd treasures, and the snowy wings
 Of innocence and love protect the scene ?
 Once more search, undismay'd, the dark profound
 Where Nature works in secret ; view the beds
 Of min'ral treasure, and th' eternal vault
 That bounds the hoary ocean ; trace the forms
 Of atoms moving with incessant change
 Their elemental round ; behold the seeds
 Of being, and the energy of life
 Kindling the mass with ever-active flame :
 Then to the secrets of the working mind
 Attentive turn ; from dim oblivion call
 Her fleet, ideal band ; and bid them, go !
 Break thro' time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
 That saw the heavens created : Then declare
 If aught were found in those external scenes
 To move thy wonder now. For what are all
 The forms which brute, unconscious matter wears,
 Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts ?
 Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
 The superficial impulse ; dull their charms,

And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye. 531
Not so the moral species, nor the pow'rs
Of genius and design; th' ambitious mind
There sees herself: By these congenial forms
Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well pleas'd
Her features in the mirror. For of all
Th' inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative wisdom gave to lift his eye
To truth's eternal measures; thence to frame
The sacred laws of action and of will,
Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of truth, whose dictates bind
Assenting reason, the benignant fire,
To deck the honour'd paths of just and good,
Has added bright imagination's rays:
Where virtue, rising from the awful depth
Of truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake
The unadorn'd condition of her birth;
And dress'd by fancy in ten thousand hues,
Assumes a various feature, to attract,
With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
Th' ingenuous youth, whom solitude inspires
With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muse
That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
Of harmony and wonder: While among
The herd of servile minds, her strenuous form
Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,
And thro' the rolls of memory appeals

To ancient honour ; or in act serene, 563
 Yet watchful, raises the majestic sword
 Of public pow'r, from dark ambition's reach
 To guard the sacred volume of the laws.

Genius of ancient Greece ! whose faithful steps
 Well-pleas'd I follow thro' the sacred paths
 Of Nature and of Science ; Nurse divine
 Of all heroic deeds and fair desires !
 O ! let the breath of thy extended praise
 Inspire my kindling bosom to the height
 Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
 Presumptuous counted, if, amid the calm
 That soothes this vernal evening into smiles,
 I steal impatient from the sordid haunts
 Of strife and low ambition, to attend
 Thy sacred presence in the sylvan shade,
 By their malignant footsteps ne'er profan'd.
 Descend, propitious ! to my favour'd eye ;
 Such in thy mien, thy warm exalted air,
 As when the Persian tyrant, foil'd and stung
 With shame and desperation, gnash'd his teeth
 To see thee rend the pageants of his throne ;
 And at the light'ning of thy lifted spear
 Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils,
 Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,
 Thy smiling band of art, thy godlike fires
 Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth
 Warm from the schools of glory. Guide my way
 Thro' fair Lyceum's walk, the green retreats
 Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
 Where oft enchanted with Socratic sounds,
 Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream

In gentler murmurs. From the blooming store 595
Of these auspicious fields, may I unblam'd
Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
My native clime : While far above the flight
Of fancy's plume aspiring, I unlock
The springs of ancient wisdom ; while I join
Thy name, thrice honor'd ! with th' immortal praise
Of Nature ; while to my compatriot youth
I point the high example of thy sons,
And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

END of the FIRST BOOK.

THE
PLEASURES
OF
IMAGINATION.

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE separation of the works of imagination from philosophy, the cause of their abuse among the moderns. Prospect of their re-union under the influence of public liberty. Enumeration of accidental pleasures, which increase the effect of objects delightful to the imagination. The pleasures of sense. Particular circumstances of the mind. Discovery of truth. Perception of contrivance and design. Emotion of the passions. All the natural passions partake of a pleasing sensation; with the final cause of this constitution illustrated by an allegorical vision, and exemplified in sorrow, pity, terror, and indignation.

THE
P L E A S U R E S
O F
I M A G I N A T I O N.

B O O K II.

W H E N shall the laurel and the vocal string
Resume their honours ? When shall we behold
The tuneful tongue, the Promethean hand
Aspire to ancient praise ? Alas ! how faint,
How slow the dawn of beauty and of truth
Breaks the reluctant shades of Gothic night
Which yet involve the nations ! Long they groan'd
Beneath the furies of rapacious force ;
Oft as the gloomy North, with iron-swarms
Tempestuous pouring from her frozen caves,
Blasted the Italian shore, and swept the works
Of liberty and wisdom down the gulf
Of all-devouring night. As long immur'd
In noon-tide darkness by the glimmering lamp,
Each muse and each fair science pin'd away
The sordid hours : While foul, barbarian hands
Their mysteries profan'd, unstrung the lyre,
And chain'd the soaring pinion down to earth.

At last the muses rose, and spurn'd their bonds, 12
And, wildly warbling, scatter'd, as they flew,
Their blooming wreaths from fair Valclusa's bowers
To Arno's myrtle border and the shore
Of soft Parthenope. But still the rage
Of dire ambition and gigantic power,
From public aims, and from the busy walk
Of civil commerce, drove the bolder train
Of penetrating science to the cells,
Where studious ease consumes the silent hour
In shadowy searches and unfruitful care.
Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts
Of mimic fancy and harmonious joy,
To priestly domination and the lust
Of lawless courts, their amiable toil
For three inglorious ages have resign'd,
In vain reluctant : And Torquato's tongue
Was tun'd for slavish pæans at the throne
Of tinsel pomp : And Raphael's magic hand
Effus'd its fair creation to enchant
The fond adoring herd in Latian fanes
To blind belief ; while on their prostrate necks
The fable tyrant plants his heel secure.
But now, behold ! the radiant æra dawns,
When freedom's ample fabric, fix'd at length
For endless years on Albion's happy shore
In full proportion, once more shall extend
To all the kindred powers of social bliss
A common mansion, a parental roof.
'There shall the virtues, there shall wisdom's train,
Their long-lost friends rejoining, as of old,
Embrace the smiling family of arts,

The muses and the graces. Then no more 51
 Shall vice, distracting their delicious gifts
 To aims abhor'd, with high distaste and scorn
 Turn from their charms the philosophic eye,
 The patriot-bosom; then no more the paths
 Of public care or intellectual toil,
 Alone by footsteps haughty and severe
 In gloomy state be trod: The harmonious Muse
 And her persuasive sisters then shall plant
 Their sheltering laurels o'er the bleak ascent,
 And scatter flowers along the rugged way.
 Arm'd with the lyre, already have we dar'd
 To pierce divine Philosophy's retreats,
 And teach the Muse her lore; already strove
 Their long-divided honours to unite,
 While tempering this deep argument we sang
 Of truth and beauty. Now the same glad task
 Impends; now urging our ambitious toil,
 We hasten to recount the various springs
 Of adventitious pleasure, which adjoin
 Their grateful influence to the prime effect
 Of objects grand or beauteous, and enlarge
 The complicated joy. The sweets of sense,
 Do they not oft with kind accession flow,
 To raise harmonious fancy's native charm?
 So while we taste the fragrance of the rose,
 Glows not her blush the fairer? While we view
 Amid the noon-tide walk a limpid rill
 Gush thro' the trickling herbage, to the thirst
 Of summer yielding the delicious draught
 Of cool refreshment; o'er the mossy brink
 Shines not the surface clearer, and the waves
 With sweeter music murmur as they flow?

Nor this alone; the various lot of life
Oft from external circumstance assumes
A moment's disposition to rejoice
In those delights which at a different hour
Would pass unheeded. Fair the face of spring,
When rural songs and odours wake the morn,
To every eye; but how much more to his
Round whom the bed of sickness long diffus'd
Its melancholy gloom! how doubly fair,
When first with fresh-born vigour he inhales
The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed fun
Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life
Chasing oppressive damps and languid pain!
Or shall I mention, where celestial truth
Her awful light discloses, to bestow
A more majestic pomp on beauty's frame?
For man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth
More welcome touch his understanding's eye,
Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,
Than all of taste his tongue. Nor ever yet
The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctur'd hues
To me have shone so pleasing, as when first
The hand of science pointed out the path
In which the sun-beams gleaming from the West
Fall on the wat'ry cloud, whose darksome veil
Involves the Orient; and that trickling shower
Piercing thro' every crystalline convex
Of clustering dew-drops to their flight oppos'd,
Recoil at length where concave all behind
The internal surface of each glassy orb
Repels their forward passage into air;
That thence direct they seek the radiant goal

From which their course began ; and, as they strike 116
In different lines the gazer's obvious eye,
Assume a different lustre, thro' the brede
Of colours changing from the splendid rose
To the pale violet's dejected hue.

Or shall we touch that kind access of joy,
That springs to each fair object, while we trace
Thro' all its fabric, wisdom's artful aim
Disposing every part, and gaining still
By means proportion'd her benignant end ?
Speak, ye, the pure delight, whose favour'd steps
The lamp of science thro' the jealous maze
Of Nature guides, when haply you reveal
Her secret honours : Whether in the sky,
The beauteous laws of light, the central powers
That wheel the pensile planets round the year ;
Whether in wonders of the rowling deep,
Or the rich fruits of all-sustaining earth,
Or fine-adjusted springs of life and sense,
Ye scan the counsels of their author's hand.

What, when to raise the meditated scene,
The flame of passion, thro' the struggling soul
Deep-kindled, shows across that sudden blaze
The object of its rapture, vast of size,
With fiercer colours and a night of shade ?
What ? like a storm from their capacious bed
The sounding seas o'erwhelming, when the might
Of these eruptions, working from the depth
Of man's strong apprehension, shakes his frame
Even to the base ; from every naked sense
Of pain or pleasure dissipating all
Opinion's feeble coverings, and the veil

Spun from the cobweb fashion of the times 148
To hide the feeling heart ? Then Nature speaks
Her genuine language, and the words of men,
Big with the very motion of their souls,
Declare with what accumulated force,
The impetuous nerve of passion urges on
The native weight and energy of things.

Yet more : Her honours where nor beauty claims,
Nor shews of good the thirsty sense allure,
From passion's power alone our nature holds
Essential pleasure. Passion's fierce illapse
Rouzes the mind's whole fabric ; with supplies
Of daily impulse keeps the elastic powers
Intensely pois'd, and polishes anew
By that collision all the fine machine :
Else rust would rise, and foulness, by degrees
Incumbering, choak at last what heaven design'd
For ceaseless motion and a round of toil.
—But say, does every passion thus to man
Administer delight ? That name indeed
Becomes the rosy breath of love ; becomes
The radiant smiles of joy, the applauding hand
Of admiration : But the bitter shower
That sorrow sheds upon a brother's grave,
But the dumb palsy of nocturnal fear,
Or those consuming fires that gnaw the heart
Of panting indignation, find we there
To move delight ?—Then listen while my tongue
The unalter'd will of heaven with faithful awe
Reveals ; what old Harmodius wont to teach
My early age ; Harmodius, who had weigh'd
Within his learned mind whate'er the schools

Of wisdom, or thy lonely-whispering voice, 180
 O faithful Nature ! dictate of the laws
 Which govern and support this mighty frame
 Of universal being. Oft the hours
 From morn to eve have stolen unmark'd away,
 While mute attention hung upon his lips,
 As thus the sage his awful tale began.

'Twas in the windings of an ancient wood,
 When spotless youth with solitude resigns
 To sweet philosophy the studious day,
 What time pale autumn shades the silent eve,
 Musing I rov'd. Of good and evil much,
 And much of mortal man my thought revolv'd ;
 When starting full on fancy's gushing eye
 The mournful image of Parthenia's fate,
 That hour, O long belov'd and long deplor'd !
 When blooming youth, nor gentlest wisdom's arts,
 Nor Hymen's honours gather'd for thy brow,
 Nor all thy lovers, all thy father's tears
 Avail'd to snatch thee from the cruel grave ;
 Thy agonizing looks, thy last farewell
 Struck to the inmost feeling of my soul
 As with the hand of death. At once the shade
 More horrid nodded o'er me, and the winds
 With hoarser murmuring shook the branches. Dark,
 As midnight storms, the scene of human things
 Appear'd before me ; deserts, burning sands,
 Where the parch'd adder dies ; the frozen South,
 And desolation blasting all the West
 With rapine and with murder : Tyrant power
 Here sits enthron'd with blood ; the baleful charms
 Of superstition there infect the skies,

And turn the sun to horror. Gracious heaven! 212

What is the life of man? Or cannot these,

Not these portents thy awful will suffice?

That, propagated thus beyond their scope,

They rise to act their cruelties anew

In my afflicted bosom, thus decreed

The universal sensitive of pain,

The wretched heir of evils not its own!

Thus I impatient; when, at once effus'd,

A flashing torrent of celestial day

Burst thro' the shadowy void. With slow descent

A purple cloud came floating thro' the sky,

And pois'd at length within the circling trees,

Hung obvious to my view; till opening wide

Its lucid orb, a more than human form

Emerging lean'd majestic o'er my head,

And instant thunder shook the conscious grove.

Then melted into air the liquid cloud,

And all the shining vision stood reveal'd.

A wreath of palm his ample forehead bound,

And o'er his shoulder, mantling to his knee,

Flow'd the transparent robe, around his waist

Collected with a radiant zone of gold

Ætherial: There in mystic signs ingrav'd,

I read his office high and sacred name,

Genius of human kind. Appall'd I gaz'd

The godlike presence; for athwart his brow

Displeasure, temper'd with a mild concern,

Look'd down reluctant on me, and his words

Like distant thunders broke the murmuring air.

Vain are thy thoughts, O child of mortal birth!

And impotent thy tongue. Is thy short span

Capacious of this universal frame?

Thy wisdom all-sufficient ? Thou, alas ! 245
 Dost thou aspire to judge between the Lord
 Of Nature and his works ? to lift thy voice
 Against the sovran order he decreed,
 All good and lovely ? to blaspheme the bands
 Of tenderness innate and social love,
 Holiest of things ! by which the general orb
 Of being, as by adamantine links,
 Was drawn to perfect union and sustain'd
 From everlasting ? Hast thou felt the pangs
 Of softening sorrow, of indignant zeal
 So grievous to the soul, as thence to wish
 The ties of Nature broken from thy frame ;
 That so thy selfish, unrelenting heart
 Might cease to mourn its lot, no longer then
 The wretched heir of evils not its own ?
 O fair benevolence of generous minds !
 O man by Nature form'd for all mankind !

He spoke ; abash'd and silent I remain'd,
 As conscious of my tongue's offence, and aw'd
 Before his presence, tho' my secret soul
 Disdain'd the imputation. On the ground
 I fix'd my eyes ; till from his airy couch
 He stoop'd sublime, and touching with his hand
 My dazzling forehead, Raise thy sight, he cry'd,
 And let thy sense convince thy erring tongue.

I look'd, and lo ! the former scene was chang'd ;
 For verdant alleys and surrounding trees,
 A solitary prospect, wide and wild,
 Rush'd on my senses. 'Twas an horrid pile
 Of hills with many a shaggy forest mix'd,
 With many a fable cliff and glittering stream.

Aloft recumbent o'er the hanging ridge, 277
The brown woods wav'd ; while ever-trickling springs
Wash'd from the naked roots of oak and pine
The crumbling foil ; and still at every fall
Down the steep windings of the channel'd rock,
Re-murmuring rush'd the congregated floods
With hoarser inundation ; till at last
They reach'd a grassy plain, which from the skirts
Of that high desert spread her verdant lap,
And drank the gushing moisture, where confin'd
In one smooth current, o'er the lillied vale
Clearer than glass it flow'd. Autumnal spoils
Luxuriant spreading to the rays of morn,
Blush'd o'er the cliffs, whose half-incircling mound
As in a sylvan theatre inclos'd
That flowery level. On the river's brink
I spy'd a fair pavilion, which diffus'd
Its floating umbrage 'mid the silver shade
Of osiers. Now the western sun reveal'd
Between two parting cliffs his golden orb,
And pour'd across the shadow of the hills,
On rocks and floods, a yellow stream of light
That cheer'd the solemn scene. My listening powers
Were aw'd, and every thought in silence hung,
And wondering expectation. Then the voice
Of that celestial power, the mystic show
Declaring, thus my deep attention call'd.
Inhabitant of earth ! to whom is given
The gracious ways of providence to learn,
Receive my sayings with a stedfast ear—
Know then, the Sovran Spirit of the world,
Though, self-collected from eternal time,

Within his own deep essence he beheld
 The bounds of true felicity complete ;
 Yet by immense benignity inclin'd
 To spread around him that primæval joy
 Which fill'd himself, he rais'd his plastic arm,
 And founded thro' the hollow depth of space
 The strong, creative mandate. Strait arose
 These heavenly orbs, the glad abodes of life
 Effusive kindled by his breath divine
 Thro' endless forms of being. Each inhal'd
 From him its portion of the vital flame,
 In measure such, that, from the wide complex
 Of co-existent orders, one might rise,
 One order, all-involving and entire.
 He too beholding in the sacred light
 Of his essential reason, all the shapes
 Of swift contingency, all successive ties
 Of action propagated thro' the sum
 Of possible existence, he at once,
 Down the long series of eventful time,
 So fix'd the dates of being, so dispos'd
 To every living soul of every kind
 The field of motion and the hour of rest,
 That all conspir'd to his supreme design,
 To universal good : With full accord
 Answering the mighty model he had chosen,
 The best and fairest of unnumber'd worlds
 That lay from everlasting in the store
 Of his divine conceptions. Nor content,
 By one exertion of creative power
 His goodness to reveal ; thro' every age,
 Thro' every moment up the tract of time

His parent-hand with ever-new increase 345
Of happiness and virtue has adorn'd
The vast harmonious frame : His parent-hand,
From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore,
'To men, to angels, to celestial minds
For ever leads the generations on
To higher scenes of being ; while supply'd
From day to day with his enlivening breath,
Inferior orders in succession rise
To fill the void below. As flame ascends,
As bodies to their proper center move,
As the pois'd ocean to the attracting moon
Obedient swells, and every headlong stream
Devolves its winding waters to the main ;
So all things which have life aspire to God,
The sun of being, boundless, unimpair'd,
Center of souls ! Nor does the faithful voice
Of Nature cease to prompt their eager steps
Aright ; nor is the care of heaven withheld
From granting to the task proportion'd aid ;
'That in their stations all may persevere
To climb the ascent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the life divine.

That rocky pile thou seest, that verdant lawn
Fresh-water'd from the mountains. Let the scene
Paint in thy fancy the primæval feat
Of man, and where the will supreme ordain'd
His mansion, that pavilion fair-diffus'd
Along the shady brink ; in this recess
To wear the appointed season of his youth,
Till riper hours should open to his toil
The high communion of superior minds,

Of consecrated heroes and of gods.
 Nor did the Sire Omnipotent forget
 His tender bloom to cherish ; nor withheld
 Celestial footsteps from his green abode.
 Oft from the radiant honours of his throne,
 He sent whom most he lov'd, the sovran fair,
 The effluence of his glory, whom he plac'd
 Before his eyes for ever to behold ;
 The goddess from whose inspiration flows
 The toil of patriots, the delight of friends ;
 Without whose work divine, in heaven or earth,
 Nought lovely, nought propitious comes to pass,
 Nor hope, nor praise, nor honour. Her the Sire
 Gave it in charge to rear the blooming mind,
 The folded powers to open, to direct
 The growth luxuriant of his young desires,
 And from the laws of this majestic world
 To teach him what was good. As thus the nymph
 Her daily care attended, by her side
 With constant steps her gay companion stay'd,
 The fair Euphrosyné, the gentle queen
 Of smiles, and graceful gladness, and delights
 That cheer alike the hearts of mortal men
 And powers immortal. See the shining pair !
 Behold, where from his dwelling now disclos'd
 They quit their youthful charge and seek the skies.

I look'd, and on the flowery turf there stood
 Between two radiant forms, a smiling youth
 Whose tender cheeks display'd the vernal flower
 Of beauty ; sweetest innocence illum'd
 His bashful eyes, and on his polish'd brow
 Sat young simplicity. With fond regard

He view'd the associates, as their steps they mov'd; 405
The younger chief his ardent eyes detain'd,
With mild regret invoking her return.
Bright as the star of evening she appear'd
Amid the dusky scene. Eternal youth
O'er all her form its glowing honours breath'd;
And smiles eternal from her candid eyes
Flow'd, like the dewy lustre of the morn
Effusive trembling on the placid waves.
The spring of heaven had shed its blushing spoils
To bind her sable tresses: Full diffus'd
Her yellow mantle floated in the breeze;
And in her hand she wav'd a living branch
Rich with immortal fruits, of power to calm
The wrathful heart, and from the brightening eyes,
To chase the cloud of sadness. More sublime
The heavenly partner mov'd. The prime of age
Compos'd her steps. The presence of a God,
High on the circle of her brow inthron'd,
From each majestic motion darted awe,
Devoted awe! till, cherish'd by her looks
Benevolent and meek, confiding love
To filial rapture soften'd all the soul.
Free in her graceful hand she pois'd the sword
Of chaste dominion. An heroic crown
Display'd the old simplicity of pomp
Around her honour'd head. A matron's robe,
White as the sunshine streams thro' vernal clouds,
Her stately form invested. Hand in hand
The immortal pair forsook the enamel'd green,
Ascending slowly. Rays of limpid light
Gleam'd round their path; celestial sounds were heard,

And thro' the fragrant air ætherial dews 437
 Distill'd around them ; till at once the clouds
 Disparting wide in midway sky, withdrew
 Their airy veil, and left a bright expanse
 Of empyréan flame, where spent and drown'd,
 Afflicted vision plung'd in vain to scan
 What object it involv'd. My feeble eyes
 Indur'd not. Bending down to earth I stood,
 With dumb attention. Soon a female voice,
 As wat'ry murmurs sweet, or warbling shades,
 With sacred invocation thus began.

Father of gods and mortals ! whose right arm
 With reins eternal guides the moving heavens,
 Bend thy propitious ear. Behold well-pleas'd
 I seek to finish thy divine decree.
 With frequent steps I visit yonder seat
 Of man, thy offspring ; from the tender seeds
 Of justice and of wisdom, to evolve
 The latent honours of his generous frame ;
 Till thy conducting hand shall raise his lot
 From earth's dim scene to these æthereal walks,
 The temple of thy glory. But not me,
 Not my directing voice he oft requires,
 Or hears delighted : This enchanting maid,
 The associate thou hast given me, her alone
 He loves, O Father ! absent, her he craves ;
 And but for her glad presence ever join'd,
 Rejoices not in mine : That all my hopes
 This thy benignant purpose to fulfil,
 I deem uncertain : And my daily cares
 Unfruitful all and vain, unless by thee
 Still farther aided in the work divine.

She ceas'd ; a voice more awful thus reply'd. 469
O thou ! in whom for ever I delight,
Fairer than all the inhabitants of heaven,
Best image of thy author ! far from thee
Be disappointment, or distaste, or blame ;
Who soon or late shall every work fulfil,
And no resistance find. If man refuse
To hearken to thy dictates ; or, allur'd
By meaner joys, to any other power
Transfer the honours due to thee alone ;
That joy which he pursues he ne'er shall taste ;
That power in whom delighteth ne'er behold.
Go then, once more, and happy be thy toil ;
Go then ! but let not this thy smiling friend
Partake thy footsteps. In her stead, behold !
With thee the son of Nemesis I send ;
The fiend abhor'd ! whose vengeance takes account
Of sacred order's violated laws.
See where he calls thee, burning to be gone,
Fierce to exhaust the tempest of his wrath
On yon devoted head. But thou, my child,
Controul his cruel phrenzy, and protect
Thy tender charge ; that when despair shall grasp
His agonizing bosom, he may learn,
Then he may learn to love the gracious hand
Alone sufficient in the hour of ill,
To save his feeble spirit ; then confess
Thy genuine honours, O excelling fair !
When all the plagues that wait the deadly will
Of this avenging dæmon, all the storms
Of night infernal, serve but to display
The energy of thy superior charms

With mildest awe triumphant o'er his rage, 501
And shining clearer in the horrid gloom.

Here ceas'd that awful voice, and soon I felt
The cloudy curtain of refreshing eve
Was clos'd once more, from that immortal fire
Sheltering my eye-lids. Looking up, I view'd
A vast gigantic spectre striding on
Thro' murmuring thunders and a waste of clouds,
With dreadful action. Black as night his brow
Relentless frowns involv'd. His savage limbs
With sharp impatience violent he writh'd,
As thro' convulsive anguish; and his hand,
Arm'd with a scorpion-lash, full oft he rais'd
In madness to his bosom; while his eyes
Rain'd bitter tears, and bellowing loud he shook
The void with horror. Silent by his side
The virgin came. No discomposure stirr'd
Her features. From the glooms which hung around
No stain of darkness mingled with the beam
Of her divine effulgence. Now they stoop
Upon the river-bank; and now to hail
His wonted guests, with eager steps advanc'd
The unsuspecting inmate of the shade.

As when a famish'd wolf, that all night long
Had rang'd the Alpine snows, by chance at morn
Sees from a cliff incumbent o'er the smoke
Of some lone village, a neglected kid
That strays along the wild for herb or spring;
Down from the winding ridge he sweeps amain,
And thinks he tears him: So with tenfold rage,
The monster sprung remorseless on his prey.
Amaz'd the stripling stood: With panting breast

Feebly he pour'd the lamentable wail 533
Of helpless consternation, struck at once,
And rooted to the ground. The queen beheld
His terror, and with looks of tenderest care
Advanc'd to save him. Soon the tyrant felt
Her awful power. His keen, tempestuous arm
Hung nerveless, nor descended where his rage
Had aim'd the deadly blow : Then dumb retir'd
With sullen rancour. Lo ! the sovran maid
Folds with a mother's arms the fainting boy,
Till life rekindles in his rosy cheek ;
Then grasps his hands, and cheers him with her tongue.
O wake thee, rouse thy spirit ! Shall the spite
Of yon tormentor thus appall thy heart,
While I, thy friend and guardian, am at hand
To rescue and to heal ? O let thy soul
Remember, what the will of heaven ordains
Is ever good for all ; and if for all,
Then good for thee. Nor only by the warmth
And soothing sunshine of delightful things,
Do minds grow up and flourish. Oft misled
By that bland light, the young unpractis'd views
Of reason wander thro' a fatal road,
Far from their native aim : As if to lye
Inglorious in the fragrant shade, and wait
The soft access of ever-circling joys,
Were all the end of being. Ask thyself,
This pleasing error did it never lull
Thy wishes ? Has thy constant heart refus'd
The silken fetters of delicious ease ?
Or when divine Euphrosyné appear'd
Within this dwelling, did not thy desires

Hang far below the measure of thy fate, 565
 Which I reveal'd before thee ? and thy eyes,
 Impatient of my counsels, turn away
 To drink the soft effusion of her smiles ?
 Know then, for this the everlasting Sire
 Deprives thee of her presence, and instead,
 O wise and still benevolent ! ordains
 This horrid visage hither to pursue
 My steps ; that so thy nature may discern
 Its real good, and what alone can save
 Thy feeble spirit in this hour of ill
 From folly and despair. O yet belov'd !
 Let not this headlong terror quite o'erwhelm
 Thy scatter'd pow'rs ; nor fatal deem the rage
 Of this tormentor, nor his proud assault,
 While I am here to vindicate thy toil,
 Above the generous question of thy arm.
 Brave by thy fears, and in thy weakness strong,
 This hour he triumphs : But confront his might,
 And dare him to the combat, then with ease
 Disarm'd and quell'd, his fierceness he resigns
 To bondage and to scorn : While thus inur'd
 By watchful danger, by unceasing toil,
 The immortal mind, superior to his fate,
 Amid the outrage of external things,
 Firm as the solid base of this great world,
 Rests on his own foundations. Blow, ye winds !
 Ye waves ! ye thunders ! rowl your tempest on ;
 Shake, ye old pillars of the marble sky !
 Till all its orbs and all its worlds of fire
 Be loosen'd from their seats ; yet still serene,
 The unconquer'd mind looks down upon the wreck ;

And ever stronger as the storms advance, 597
Firm thro' the closing ruin holds his way,
Where Nature calls him to the destin'd goal.

So spake the goddess ; while thro' all her frame
Celestial raptures flow'd, in every word,
In every motion kindling warmth divine
To seize who listen'd. Vehement and swift
As lightening fires the aromatic shade
In Æthiopian fields, the stripling felt
Her inspiration catch his fervid soul,
And starting from his languor thus exclaim'd.

Then let the trial come ! and witness thou,
If terror be upon me ; if I shrink
To meet the storm, or falter in my strength
When hardest it besets me. Do not think
That I am fearful and infirm of soul,
As late thy eyes beheld : For thou hast chang'd
My nature ; thy commanding voice has wak'd
My languid powers to bear me boldly on,
Where'er the will divine my path ordains
Thro' toil or peril : Only do not thou
Forfake me ; O be thou for ever near,
That I may listen to thy sacred voice,
And guide by thy decrees my constant feet.
But say, for ever are my eyes bereft ?
Say, shall the fair Euphrosyné not once
Appear again to charm me ? Thou, in heaven !
O thou eternal arbiter of things !
Be thy great bidding done : For who am I,
To question thy appointment ? Let the frowns
Of this avenger every morn o'ercast
The cheerful dawn, and every evening damp

With double night my dwelling; I will learn 629
To hail them both, and unrepining bear
His hateful presence: But permit my tongue
One glad request, and if my deeds may find
Thy awful eye propitious, O restore
The rosy-featur'd maid; again to cheer
This lonely seat, and bless me with her smiles.

He spoke; when instant thro' the sable glooms
With which that furious presence had involv'd
The ambient air, a flood of radiance came
Swift as the lightening flash; the melting clouds
Flew diverse, and amid the blue serene
Euphrosyné appear'd. With sprightly step
The nymph alighted on the irriguous lawn,
And to her wondering audience thus began.

Lo! I am here to answer to your vows,
And be the meeting fortunate! I come
With joyful tidings; we shall part no more—
Hark! how the gentle eccho from her cell
Talks thro' the cliffs, and murmuring o'er the stream
Repeats the accents; we shall part no more.
O my delightful friends! well-pleas'd on high
The father has beheld you, while the might
Of that stern foe with bitter trial prov'd
Your equal doings; then for ever spake
The high decree: That thou, celestial maid!
Howe'er that grisly phantom on thy steps
May sometimes dare intrude, yet never more
Shalt thou, descending to the abode of man,
Alone endure the rancour of his arm,
Or leave thy lov'd Euphrosyné behind.

She ended ; and the whole romantic scene 660
Immediate vanish'd ; rocks, and woods, and rills,
The mantling tent, and each mysterious form
Flew like the pictures of a morning dream,
When sun-shine fills the bed. Awhile I stood
Perplex'd and giddy ; till the radiant power
Who bade the visionary landscape rise,
As up to him I turn'd, with gentlest looks
Preventing my enquiry, thus began.

There let thy soul acknowledge its complaint
How blind, how impious ! There behold the ways
Of heaven's eternal destiny to man,
For ever just, benevolent and wise :
That virtue's awful steps, howe'er pursu'd
By vexing fortune and intrusive pain,
Should never be divided from her chaste,
Her fair attendant, pleasure. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought thro' all the various round
Of this existence, that thy softening soul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of passion swelling with distress and pain,
To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
Of cordial pleasure ? Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms ; so often draws
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears ?
O ! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes

With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast, 692
And turns his tears to rapture.—Ask the crowd
Which flies impatient from the village-walk
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
Some helpless bark; while sacred pity melts
The general eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother closer to her breast
Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
Foam thro' the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud
As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms
For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
As now another, dash'd against the rock,
Drops lifeless down: O! deemest thou indeed
No kind endearment here by Nature given
To mutual terror and compassion's tears?
No sweetly melting-softness which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the social powers
To this their proper action and their end?
—Ask thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
Slow thro' that studious gloom thy pausing eye
Led by the glimmering taper moves around
The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by fame
For Grecian heroes, where the present power
Of heaven and earth surveys the immortal page,
Even as a father blessing, while he reads
The praises of his son. If then thy soul,
Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame;
Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view,

When rooted from the base, heroic states 724
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown
Of curst ambition; when the pious band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their fires,
Lie side by side in gore; when ruffian pride
Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
Of public power, the majesty of rule,
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To slavish empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee; when honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust
And storied arch, to glut the coward-rage
Of regal envy, strew the public way
With hallow'd ruins; when the Muse's haunt,
The marble porch where wisdom went to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
Or female superstition's midnight prayer;
When ruthless rapine from the hand of time
Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow
To sweep the works of glory from their base;
Till desolation o'er the grass-grown street
Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,
Where senates once the price of monarchs doom'd,
Hisses the gliding snake thro' hoary weeds
That clasp the mouldering column; thus defac'd,
Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills
Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,

Or dash Octavius from the trophied car ; 756
 Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
 The big distress ? Or would'st thou then exchange
 Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
 Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
 Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
 And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
 And says within himself, “ I am a King,
 “ And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe
 “ Intrude upon mine ear ? ” — The baleful dregs
 Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
 Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
 Blest be the Eternal Ruler of the world !
 Defil'd to such a depth of fordid shame
 The native honours of the human soul,
 Nor so effac'd the image of its Sire.

END of the SECOND BOOK.

THE
PLEASURES
OF
IMAGINATION.
BOOK THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

PLEASURE in observing the tempers and manners of men, even where vicious or absurd. The origin of vice, from false representations of the fancy, producing false opinions concerning good and evil. Inquiry into ridicule. The general sources of ridicule in the minds and characters of men, enumerated. Final cause of the sense of ridicule. The resemblance of certain aspects of inanimate things to the sensations and properties of the mind. The operations of the mind in the production of the works of imagination, described. The secondary pleasure from imitation. The benevolent order of the world illustrated in the arbitrary connexion of these pleasures with the objects which excite them. The nature and conduct of taste. Concluding with an account of the natural and moral advantages resulting from a sensible and well-formed imagination.

THE
P L E A S U R E S
O F
I M A G I N A T I O N.

B O O K III.

WHAT wonder therefore, since the indearing ties
Of passion link the universal kind
Of man so close, what wonder if to search
This common nature thro' the various change
Of sex, and age, and fortune, and the frame
Of each peculiar, draw the busy mind
With unresisted charms? The spacious West,
And all the teeming regions of the South
Hold not a quarry, to the curious flight
Of knowledge, half so tempting or so fair,
As man to man. Nor only where the smiles
Of love invite; nor only where the applause
Of cordial honour turns the attentive eye
On virtue's graceful deeds. For since the course
Of things external acts in different ways
On human apprehensions, as the hand
Of Nature temper'd to a different frame

Peculiar minds ; so haply where the powers 18
Of fancy neither lessen nor enlarge
The images of things, but paint in all
Their genuine hues, the features which they wore
In Nature ; there opinion will be true,
And action right. For action treads the path
In which opinion says he follows good,
Or flies from evil ; and opinion gives
Report of good or evil, as the scene
Was drawn by fancy, lovely or deform'd :
Thus her report can never there be true
Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye,
With glaring colours and distorted lines.
Is there a man, who at the sound of death
Sees ghastly shapes of terror conjur'd up,
And black before him ; nought but death-bed groans
And fearful prayers, and plunging from the brink
Of light and being, down the gloomy air,
An unknown depth ? Alas ! in such a mind,
If no bright forms of excellence attend
The image of his country ; nor the pomp
Of sacred senates, nor the guardian voice
Of justice on her throne, nor aught that wakes
The conscious bosom with a patriot's flame ;
Will not opinion tell him, that to die,
Or stand the hazard, is a greater ill
Than to betray his country ? And in act
Will he not chuse to be a wretch and live ?
Here vice begins then. From the enchanting cup
Which fancy holds to all, the unwary thirst
Of youth oft swallows a Circæan draught,
That sheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye

Of reason, till no longer he discerns, 50
 And only guides to err. Then revel forth
 A furious band that spurn him from the throne ;
 And all is uproar. Thus ambition grasps
 The empire of the soul : Thus pale revenge
 Unsheaths her murderous dagger ; and the hands
 Of lust and rapine, with unholy arts,
 Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws
 That keeps them from their prey : Thus all the plagues
 The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling scene
 The tragic muse discloses, under shapes
 Of honour, safety, pleasure, ease or pomp,
 Stole first into the mind. Yet not by all
 Those lying forms which fancy in the brain
 Engenders, are the kindling passions driven
 To guilty deeds ; nor reason bound in chains,
 That vice alone may lord it : Oft adorn'd
 With solemn pageants, folly mounts the throne,
 And plays her ideot-anticks, like a queen.
 A thousand garbs she wears ; a thousand ways
 She wheels her giddy empire.—Lo ! thus far
 With bold adventure, to the Mantuan lyre
 I sing of Nature's charms, and touch well-pleas'd
 A stricter note : Now haply must my song
 Unbend her serious measure, and reveal
 In lighter strains, how folly's awkward arts
 Excite impetuous laughter's gay rebuke ;
 The sportive province of the comic Muse.

See ! in what crouds the uncouth forms advance :
 Each would outstrip the other, each prevent
 Our careful search, and offer to your gaze,
 Unask'd, his motley features. Wait awhile,

My curious friends ! and let us first arrange. 82
In proper order your promiscuous throng.

Behold the foremost band ; of slender thought,
And easy faith ; whom flattering fancy soothes
With lying spectres, in themselves to view
Illustrious forms of excellence and good,
That scorn the mansion. With exulting hearts
They spread their spurious treasures to the sun,
And bid the world admire ! but chief the glance
Of wishful envy draws their joy-bright eyes,
And lifts with self-applause each lordly brow.
In number boundless as the blooms of spring,
Behold their glaring idols, empty shades
By fancy gilded o'er, and then set up
For adoration. Some in learning's garb,
With formal band, and sable-cinctur'd gown,
And rags of mouldy volumes. Some elate
With martial splendor, steely pikes and swords
Of costly frame, and gay Phœnician robes
Inwrought with flowery gold, assume the port
Of stately valour : Listening by his side
There stands a female form ; to her, with looks
Of earnest import, pregnant with amaze,
He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, storms,
And sulphurous mines, and ambush : Then at once
Breaks off, and smiles to see her look so pale,
And asks some wondering question of her fears.
Others of graver mien ; behold, adorn'd
With holy ensigns, how sublime they move,
And bending oft their sanctimonious eyes
Take homage of the simple-minded throng ;
Ambassadors of heaven ! Nor much unlike

Is he whose visage, in the lazy mist 114
 That mantles every feature, hides a brood
 Of politic conceits ; of whispers, nods,
 And hints deep omen'd with unwieldly schemes,
 And dark portents of state. Ten thousand more,
 Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,
 Pour dauntless in and swell the boastful band.

Then comes the second order ; all who seek
 The debt of praise, where watchful unbelief
 Darts thro' the thin pretence her squinting eye.
 On some retir'd appearance which belies
 The boasted virtue, or annuls the applause
 That justice else would pay. Here side by side
 I see two leaders of the solemn train
 Approaching : One a female old and grey,
 With eyes demure, and wrinkle-furrow'd brow,
 Pale as the cheeks of death ; yet still she stuns
 The sickening audience with a nauseous tale ;
 How many youths her myrtle-chains have worn,
 How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd !
 Yet how resolv'd she guards her cautious heart ;
 Such is her terror at the risques of love,
 And man's seducing tongue ! The other seems
 A bearded sage, ungentle in his mien,
 And fordid all his habit ; peevish want
 Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng
 He stalks, resounding in magnific praise
 The vanity of riches, the contempt
 Of pomp and power. Be prudent in your zeal,
 Ye grave associates ! let the silent grace
 Of her who blushes at the fond regard
 Her charms inspire, more eloquent unfold.

The praise of spotless honour : Let the man 146
Whose eye regards not his illustrious pomp
And ample store, but as indulgent streams
To cheer the barren soil and spread the fruits
Of joy, let him by juster measures fix
The price of riches and the end of power.

Another tribe succeeds; deluded long
By fancy's dazzling optics, these behold
The images of some peculiar things
With brighter hues resplendent, and portray'd
With features nobler far than e'er adorn'd
Their genuine objects. Hence the fever'd heart
Pants with delirious hope for tinsel charms ;
Hence oft obtrusive on the eye of scorn,
Untimely zeal her witlefs pride betrays !
And serious manhood from the towering aim
Of wisdom, stoops to emulate the boast
Of childish toil. Behold yon mystic form,
Bedeck'd with feathers, insects, weeds and shells !
Not with intenser view the Samian sage
Bent his fixt eye on heaven's intenser fires,
When first the order of that radiant scene
Swell'd his exulting thought, than this surveys
A muckworm's entrails or a spider's fang.
Next him a youth, with flowers and myrtles crown'd,
Attends that virgin form, and blushing kneels,
With fondest gesture and a suppliant's tongue,
To win her coy regard : Adieu, for him,
The dull engagements of the bustling world !
Adieu the sick impertinence of praise !
And hope, and action ! for with her alone,
By streams and shades, to steal these sighing hours,

Is all he asks, and all that fate can give ! 178

Thee too, facetious Momion, wandering here,
Thee, dreaded cenfor, oft have I beheld
Bewilder'd unawares : Alas ! too long
Flush'd with thy comic triumphs and the spoils
Of sly derision ! till on every side
Hurling thy random bolts, offended truth
Assign'd thee here thy station with the slaves
Of folly. Thy once formidable name
Shall grace her humble records, and be heard
In scoffs and mockery bandied from the lips
Of all the vengeful brotherhood around,
So oft the patient victims of thy scorn.

But now, ye gay ! to whom indulgent fate,
Of all the muse's empire hath assign'd
The fields of folly, hither each advance
Your sickles ; here the teeming soil affords
Its richest growth. A favourite brood appears ;
In whom the dæmon, with a mother's joy,
Views all her charms reflected, all her cares
At full repay'd. Ye most illustrious band !
Who, scorning reason's tame, pedantic rules,
And order's vulgar bondage, never meant
For souls sublime as yours, with generous zeal
Pay vice the reverence virtue long usurp'd,
And yield deformity the fond applause
Which beauty wont to claim ; forgive my song,
That for the blushing diffidence of youth,
It shuns the unequal promise of your praise.

Thus far triumphant in the pleasing guile
Of bland imagination, folly's train
Have dar'd our search : But now a dastard-kind

Advance reluctant, and with faltering feet 216
Shrink from the gazer's eye : Infeebled hearts
Whom fancy chills with visionary fears,
Or bends to servile tameness with conceits
Of shame, of evil, or of base defect,
Fantastic and delusive. Here the slave
Who droops abash'd when fullen pomp surveys
His humbler habit ; here the trembling wretch
Unnerv'd and struck with terror's icy bolts,
Spent in weak wailings, drown'd in shameful tears,
At every dream of danger : Here subdued
By frontless laughter and the hardy scorn
Of old, unfeeling vice, the abject soul,
Who blushing half resigns the candid praise
Of temperance and honour ; half disowns
A freeman's hatred of tyrannic pride ;
And hears with sickly smiles the venal mouth
With foulest licence mock the patriot's name.

Last of the motley bands on whom the power
Of gay derision bends her hostile aim,
Is that where shameful ignorance presides.
Beneath her fordid banners, lo ! they march,
Like blind and lame. Whate'er their doubtful hands
Attempt, confusion straight appears behind,
And troubles all the work. Thro' many a maze,
Perplex'd they struggle, changing every path,
O'erturning every purpose ; then at last
Sit down dismay'd, and leave the entangled scene
For scorn to sport with. Such then is the abode
Of folly in the mind ; and such the shapes
In which she governs her obsequious train.

Thro' every scene of ridicule in things 241
 To lead the tenour of my devious lay ;
 Thro' every swift occasion, which the hand
 Of laughter points at, when the mirthful sting
 Distends her fallying nerves and choaks her tongue ;
 What were it but to count each crystal drop
 Which morning's dewy fingers on the blooms
 Of May distil ? Suffice it to have said,
 Where'er the power of ridicule displays
 Her quaint-ey'd visage, some incongruous form,
 Some stubborn dissonance of things combin'd,
 Strikes on the quick observer : Whether pomp,
 Or praise, or beauty, mix their partial claim
 Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
 Where foul deformity are wont to dwell ;
 Or whether these with violation loath'd,
 Invade resplendent pomp's imperious mien,
 The charms of beauty, or the boast of praise.

Ask we for what fair end, the Almighty Sire
 In mortal bosoms wakes this gay contempt,
 These grateful stings of laughter, from disgust
 Educating pleasure ? Wherefore, but to aid
 The tardy steps of reason, and at once
 By this prompt impulse urge us to depress
 The giddy aims of folly ? Tho' the light
 Of truth slow-dawning on the inquiring mind,
 At length unfolds, thro' many a subtle tie,
 How these uncouth disorders end at last
 In public evil ! yet benignant heaven,
 Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears
 To thousands ; conscious what a scanty pause
 From labours and from care, the wider lot

Of humble life affords for studious thought 273
To scan the maze of Nature ; therefore stamp'd
The glaring scenes with characters of scorn,
As broad, as obvious, to the passing clown,
As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.

Such are the various aspects of the mind—
Some heavenly genius, whose unclouded thoughts
Attain that secret harmony which blends
The ætherial spirit with its mold of clay ;
O ! teach me to reveal the grateful charm
That searchless Nature o'er the sense of man
Diffuses, to behold, in lifeless things,
The inexpressive semblance of himself,
Of thought and passion. Mark the sable woods
That shade sublime yon mountain's nodding brow ;
With what religious awe the solemn scene
Commands your steps ! as if the reverend form
Of Minos or of Numa should forsake
The Elysian seats, and down the embowering glade
Move to your pausing eye ! Behold the expanse
Of yon gay landscape, where the silver clouds
Flit o'er the heavens before the sprightly breeze :
Now their grey cincture skirts the doubtful sun ;
Now streams of splendor, thro' their opening veil
Effulgent, sweep from off the gilded lawn
The aerial shadows ; on the curling brook,
And on the shady margin's quivering leaves
With quickest lustre glancing ; while you view
The prospect, say, within your chearful breast
Plays not the lively sense of winning mirth
With clouds and sun-shine chequer'd, while the round
Of social converse, to the inspiring tongue

Of some gay nymph amid her subject train, 305
 Moves all obsequious? Whence is this effect,
 This kindred power of such discordant things?
 Or flows their semblance from that mystic tone
 To which the new-born mind's harmonious powers
 At first were strung? Or rather from the links
 Which artful custom twines around her frame?

For when the different images of things
 By chance combin'd, have struck the attentive soul
 With deeper impulse, or connected long,
 Have drawn her frequent eye; how'er distinct
 The external scenes, yet oft the ideas gain
 From that conjunction an eternal tye,
 And sympathy unbroken. Let the mind
 Recall one partner of the various league,
 Immediate, lo! the firm confederates rise,
 And each his former station strait resumes:
 One movement governs the consenting throng,
 And all at once with rosy pleasure shine,
 Or all are sadden'd with the glooms of care.
 'Twas thus, if ancient fame the truth unfold,
 Two faithful needles, from the informing touch
 Of the same parent-stone, together drew
 Its mystic virtue, and at first conspir'd
 With fatal impulse quivering to the pole:
 Then, tho' disjoin'd by kingdoms, tho' the main
 Rowl'd its broad surge betwixt, and different stars
 Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preserv'd
 The former friendship, and remember'd still
 The alliance of their birth: Whate'er the line
 Which one possess'd, nor pause, nor quiet knew
 The sure associate, ere with trembling speed

He found its path and fix'd unerring there.

337

Such is the secret union when we feel

A song, a flower, a name, at once restore

Those long-connected scenes where first they mov'd

The attention : Backward thro' her mazy walks

Guiding the wanton fancy to her scope,

To temples, courts or fields ; with all the band

Of painted forms, of passions and designs

Attendant : Whence, if pleasing in itself,

The prospect from that sweet accession gains

Redoubled influence o'er the listening mind.

By these mysterious ties the busy power

Of memory her ideal train preserves

Intire ; or when they would elude her watch,

Reclaims their fleeting footsteps from the waste

Of dark oblivion ; thus collecting all

The various forms of being to present,

Before the curious aim of mimic art,

Their largest choice : Like spring's unfolded blooms

Exhaling sweetness, that the skilful bee

May taste at will, from their selected spoils

To work her dulcet food. For not the expanse

Of living lakes in summer's noon-tide calm,

Reflects the bordering shade, and sun-bright heavens

With fairer semblance ; not the sculptur'd gold

More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,

Than he whose birth the sister powers of art

Propitious view'd, and from his genial star

Shed influence to the seeds of fancy kind ;

Than his attemper'd bosom must preserve

The seal of Nature. There alone unchang'd,

Her form remains. The balmy walks of May

There breathe perennial sweets : The trembling chord

Resounds for ever in the abstracted ear, 370
 Melodious : And the virgin's radiant eye,
 Superior to disease, to grief, and time,
 Shines with unbating lustre. Thus at length
 Endow'd with all that Nature can bestow,
 The child of fancy oft in silence bends
 O'er these mixt treasures of his pregnant breast,
 With conscious pride. From them he oft resolves
 To frame he knows not what excelling things ;
 And win he knows not what sublime reward
 Of praise and wonder. By degrees, the mind
 Feels her young nerves dilate : The plastic powers
 Labour for action : Blind emotions heave
 His bosom ; and with loveliest frenzy caught,
 From earth to heaven he rows his daring eye,
 From heaven to earth. Anon ten thousand shapes,
 Like spectres trooping to the wizard's call,
 Fleet swift before him. From the womb of earth,
 From ocean's bed they come : The eternal heavens
 Disclose their splendors, and the dark abyss
 Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze
 He marks the rising phantoms. Now compares
 Their different forms ; now blends them, now divides,
 Inlarges and extenuates by turns ;
 Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,
 And infinitely varies. Hither now,
 Now thither fluctuates his inconstant aim,
 With endless choice perplex'd. At length his plan
 Begins to open. Lucid order dawns ;
 And as from Chaos old the jarring seeds
 Of Nature at the voice divine repair'd
 Each to its place, till rosy earth unveil'd
 Her fragrant bosom, and the joyful sun

403

Sprung up the blue serene ; by swift degrees
Thus disentangled, his entire design
Emerges. Colours mingle, features join,
And lines converge : The fainter parts retire ;
The fairer eminent in light advance ;
And every image on its neighbour smiles.
Awhile he stands, and with a father's joy
Contemplates. Then with Promothéan art,
Into its proper vehicle he breathes
The fair conception ; which, imbodied thus,
And permanent, becomes to eyes or ears
An object ascertain'd : While thus inform'd,
The various organs of his mimic skill,
The consonance of sounds, the featur'd rock,
The shadowy picture and impassion'd verse,
Beyond their proper powers attract the soul
By that expressive semblance, while in sight
Of Nature's great original we scan
The lively child of art ; while line by line,
And feature after feature we refer
To that sublime exemplar whence it stole
Those animating charms. Thus beauty's palm
Betwixt them wavering hangs : Applauding love
Doubts where to chuse ; and mortal man aspires
To tempt creative praise. As when a cloud
Of gathering hail with limpid crusts of ice
Inclos'd and obvious to the beaming sun,
Collects his large effulgence ; strait the heavens
With equal flames present on either hand
The radiant visage : Persia stands at gaze,
Appall'd ; and on the brink of Ganges doubts
The snowy-vested seer, in Mithra's name,
To which the fragrance of the South shall burn,
To which his warbled orisons ascend.

Such various blifs the well-tun'd heart enjoys, 437
 Favour'd of heaven ! while plung'd in fordid cares,
 The unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine :
 And harsh austerity, from whose rebuke
 Young love and smiling wonder shrink away
 Abash'd and chill of heart, with sager frowns
 -Condemns the fair enchantment. On my strain,
 Perhaps even now, some cold, fastidious judge
 Casts a disdainful eye; and calls my toil,
 And calls the love and beauty which I sing,
 The dream of folly. Thou, grave censor ! say,
 Is beauty then a dream, because the glooms
 Of dulness hang too heavy on thy sense,
 To let her shine upon thee ? So the man
 Whose eye ne'er open'd on the light of heaven,
 Might smile with scorn while raptur'd vision tells
 Of the gay-colour'd radiance flushing bright
 O'er all creation. From the wise be far
 -Such gross unhallow'd pride ; nor needs my song
 Descend so low ; but rather now unfold,
 If human thought could reach, or words unfold,
 By what mysterious fabric of the mind,
 The deep-felt joys and harmony of sound
 Result from airy motion ; and from shape
 The lovely phantoms of sublime and fair.
 By what fine ties hath God connected things
 When present in the mind, which in themselves
 Have no connection ? Sure the rising sun
 O'er the cerulean convex of the sea,
 With equal brightness and with equal warmth
 Might rowl his fiery orb ; nor yet the soul
 Thus feel her frame expanded, and her powers
 Exulting in the splendor she beholds ;

Like a young conqueror moving thro' the pomp 470
 Of some triumphal day. When join'd at eve,
 Soft-murmuring streams and gales of gentlest breath
 Melodious Philomela's wakeful strain
 Attemper, could not man's discerning ear
 Thro' all its tones the sympathy pursue;
 Nor yet this breath divine of nameless joy
 Steal thro' his veins and fan the awaken'd heart,
 Mild as the breeze, yet rapturous as the song.

But were not Nature still endow'd at large
 With all which life requires, tho' unadorn'd
 With such enchantment? Wherefore then her form
 So exquisitely fair? her breath perfum'd
 With such ætherial sweetness? whence her voice
 Inform'd at will to raise or to depress
 The impassion'd soul? and whence the robes of light
 Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp
 Than fancy can describe? Whence but from thee,
 O source divine of ever-flowing love,
 And thy unmeasur'd goodness! Not content
 With every food of life to nourish man,
 By kind illusions of the wondering sense
 Thou mak'st all Nature beauty to his eye,
 Or music to his ear: Well-pleas'd he scans
 The goodly prospect; and with inward smiles
 Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain;
 Beholds the azure canopy of heaven,
 And living lamps that over-arch his head
 With more than regal splendor; bends his ears
 To the full choir of water, air, and earth;
 Nor heeds the pleasing error of his thought,
 Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
 Nor questions more the music's mingling sounds
 Than space, or motion, or eternal time;

So sweet he feels their influence to attract 504
 The fixed soul ; to brighten the dull glooms
 Of care, and make the destin'd road of life
 Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
 The adventurous hero, bound on hard exploits,
 Beholds with glad surprise, by secret spells
 Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils,
 A visionary paradise disclos'd
 Amid the dubious wild : With streams, and shades,
 And airy songs, the enchanted landscape smiles,
 Cheers his long labours, and renews his frame.

What then is taste, but these internal powers
 Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
 To each fine impulse ? a discerning sense
 Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
 From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
 In species ? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
 Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow ;
 But God alone, when first his active hand
 Imprints the secret byass of the soul.
 He, mighty parent ! wise and just in all,
 Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,
 Reveals the charms of Nature. Ask the swain
 Who journeys homeward from a summer-day's
 Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
 And due repose, he loiters to behold
 The sunshine gleaming as thro' amber clouds,
 O'er all the western sky ; full soon, I ween,
 His rude expression and untutor'd airs,
 Beyond the power of language, will unfold
 The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
 How lovely ! how commanding ! But tho' heaven

In every breast hath sown these early seeds 536
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
Without invivifying suns, and genial showers,
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring.
Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
Repay the tiller's labour ; or attend
His will, obsequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Different minds
Incline to different objects : One pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild ;
Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightening fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground ;
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky ;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakespeare looks abroad
From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs,
All on the margin of some flowery stream
To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
Of plantane shades, and to the listening deer
The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
Resound soft-warbling all the live-long day :
Consenting Zephyr sighs ; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious ; mute the groves ;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and so various are the tastes of men.

Oh ! blest of heaven, whom not the languid songs 568
 Of luxury, the Siren ! not the bribes
 Of fordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
 Of pageant honour can seduce to leave
 Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
 Of Nature fair imagination culls
 To charm the enliven'd soul ! What tho' not all
 Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
 Of envied life ; tho' only few possess
 Patrician treasures or imperial state ;
 Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
 With richer treasures and an ampler state,
 Endows at large whatever happy man
 Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
 The rural honors his. Whate'er adorns
 The princely dome, the column and the arch,
 The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the Spring
 Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
 Its lucid leaves unfolds : For him, the hand
 Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
 With blooming gold and blushes like the morn.
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings ;
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
 And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade
 Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
 Fresh pleasure, unprov'd. Nor thence partakes
 Fresh pleasure only : For the attentive mind,
 By this harmonious action on her powers
 Becomes herself harmonious : Wont so oft

In outward things to meditate the charm 602
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
'This fair-inspir'd delight : Her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On Nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye ; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous powers ?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear ?
Lo ! she appeals to Nature, to the winds
And rowling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons : All declare
For what the Eternal Maker has ordain'd
The powers of man : We feel within ourselves
His energy divine : He tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being ; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse ; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan ;
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

O D E S

O N

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

IN TWO BOOKS.

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O D E I.

P R E F A C E.

I.

ON yonder verdant hillock laid,
Where oaks and elms, a friendly shade,
O'erlook the falling stream,
O master of the Latin lyre,
Awhile with thee will I retire
From summer's noon-tide beam.

II.

And, lo! within my lonely bower,
The industrious bee from many a flower
Collects her balmy dews:
“For me,” she sings, “the gems are born,
“For me their silken robe adorn,
“Their fragrant breath diffuse.”

III.

Sweet murmurer! may no rude storm
This hospitable scene deform,
Nor check thy gladsome toils;
Still may the buds unfullied spring,
Still showers and sunshine court thy wing
To these ambrosial spoils.

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IV.

Nor shall my Muse hereafter fail
Her fellow-labourer thee to hail;
And lucky be the strains!
For long ago did Nature frame
Your seasons and your arts the same,
Your pleasures and your pains.

V.

Like thee, in lowly, sylvan scenes,
On river-banks and flowery greens
My Muse delighted plays;
Nor thro' the desert of the air,
'Tho' swans or eagles triumph there,
With fond ambition strays.

VI.

Nor where the boding raven chaunts,
Nor near the owl's unhallow'd haunts
Will she her cares employ;
But flies from ruins and from tombs,
From superstition's horrid glooms,
To day-light and to joy.

VII.

Nor will she tempt the barren waste;
Nor deigns the lurking strength to taste
Of any noxious thing;
But leaves with scorn to envy's use
The insipid nightshade's baneful juice,
The nettle's sordid sting.

VIII.

From all which Nature fairest knows,
 The vernal blooms, the summer rose,
 She draws her blameless wealth;
 And, when the generous task is done,
 She consecrates a double boon,
 To pleasure and to health.

O D E II.

ON THE WINTER-SOLSTICE.

M, DCC, XL.

I.

THE radiant ruler of the year
 At length his wint'ry goal attains;
 Soon to reverse the long career,
 And northward bend his steady reins.
 Now, piercing half Potosi's height,
 Prone rush the fiery floods of light
 Ripening the mountain's silver stores:
 While, in some cavern's horrid shade,
 The panting Indian hides his head,
 And oft the approach of eve implores.

II.

But lo, on this deserted coast
How pale the sun ! how thick the air !
Mustering his storms, a sordid host,
Lo ! winter desolates the year.
The fields resign their latest bloom ;
No more the breezes waft perfume,
No more the streams in music roll :
But snows fall dark, or rains resound ;
And, while great Nature mourns around,
Her griefs infect the human soul.

III.

Hence the loud city's busy throngs
Urge the warm bowl and splendid fire :
Harmonious dances, festive songs,
Against the spiteful heaven conspire.
Mean-time perhaps with tender fears
Some village-dame the curfew hears,
While round the hearth her children play :
At morn their father went abroad ;
The moon is sunk, and deep the road ;
She sighs, and wonders at his stay.

IV.

But thou, my lyre, awake, arise,
And hail the sun's returning force :
Even now he climbs the northern skies,
And health and hope attend his course.
Then louder howl the aerial waste,
Be earth with keener cold imbrac'd,

Yet gentle hours advance their wing;
 And fancy, mocking winter's might,
 With flowers and dewes and streaming light
 Already decks the new-born spring.

V.

O fountain of the golden day,
 Could mortal vows promote thy speed,
 How soon before thy vernal ray
 Should each unkindly damp recede!
 How soon each hovering tempest fly,
 Whose stores for mischief arm the sky,
 Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
 To rend the forest from the sleep,
 Or, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
 To whelm the merchant's hopes of gain

VI.

But let not man's unequal views
 Presume o'er Nature and her laws:
 'Tis his with grateful joy to use
 The indulgence of the sovran cause;
 Secure that health and beauty springs
 Thro' this majestic frame of things,
 Beyond what he can reach to know;
 And that heaven's all-subduing will,
 With good the progeny of ill,
 Attempereth every state below.

VII.

How pleasing wears the wint'ry night,
 Spent with the old illustrious dead!
 While, by the taper's trembling light,
 I seem those awful scenes to tread

Where chiefs or legislators lie,
 Whose triumphs move before my eye
 In arms and antique pomp array'd ;
 While now I taste the Ionian song,
 Now bend to Plato's godlike tongue
 Resounding thro' the olive shade.

VIII.

But should some cheerful, equal friend
 Bid leave the studious page awhile,
 Let mirth on wisdom then attend,
 And social ease on learned toil.
 Then while, at love's uncareful shrine,
 Each dictates to the god of wine
 Her name whom all his hopes obey,
 What flattering dreams each bosom warm,
 While absence, heightening every charm,
 Invokes the slow-returning May !

IX.

May, thou delight of heaven and earth !
 When will thy genial star arise ?
 The auspicious morn, which gives thee birth,
 Shall bring Eudora to my eyes.
 Within her sylvan haunt behold,
 As in the happy garden old,
 She moves like that primeval fair :
 Thither, ye silver-sounding lyres,
 Ye tender smiles, ye chaste desires,
 Fond hope and mutual faith, repair.

X.

And if believing love can read
 His better omens in her eye,
 Then shall my fears, O charming maid !
 And every pain of absence die :
 Then shall my jocund harp, attun'd
 To thy true ear, with sweeter sound
 Pursue the free Horatian song :
 Old Tyne shall listen to my tale,
 And echo, down the bordering vale,
 The liquid melody prolong.

O D E III.

T O A

FRIEND UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

I.

INDEED, my Phædria, if to find
 That wealth can female wishes gain
 Had e'er disturb'd your thoughtful mind,
 Or cost one serious moment's pain,
 I should have said that all the rules,
 You learn'd of moralists and schools,
 Were very useless, very vain.

II.

Yet I perhaps mistake the case—
 Say, though with this heroic air,
 Like one that holds a nobler chace,
 You try the tender loss to bear,
 Does not your heart renounce your tongue?
 Seems not my cenfor strangely wrong
 To count it such a slight affair?

III.

When Hesper gilds the shaded sky,
 Oft as you seek the well-known grove,
 Methinks I see you cast your eye
 Back to the morning scenes of love :
 Each pleasing word you heard her say,
 Her gentle look, her graceful way,
 Again your struggling fancy move.

IV.

Then tell me, is your soul intire?
 Does wisdom calmly hold her throne?
 Then can you question each desire,
 Bid this remain, and that begone?
 No tear half-starting from your eye?
 No kindling blush you know not why?
 No stealing sigh, nor stifled groan?

V.

Away with this unmanly mood!
 See where the hoary churl appears;
 Whose hand hath seiz'd the favorite good
 Which you reserv'd for happier years :

While, side by side, the blushing maid
Shrinks from his visage, half-afraid,
Spite of the sickly joy she wears.

VI.

Ye guardian powers of love and fame!
This chaste, harmonious pair behold;
And thus reward the generous flame
Of all who barter vows for gold.
O bloom of youth! O tender charms
Well-buried in a dotard's arms!
O equal price of beauty sold!

VII.

Cease then to gaze with looks of love:
Bid her adieu, the venal fair:
Unworthy she your bliss to prove;
Then wherefore should she prove your care?
No: Lay your myrtle garland down;
And let awhile the willow's crown
With luckier omens bind your hair.

VIII.

O just escap'd the faithless main,
Tho' driven unwilling on the land;
To guide your favor'd steps again,
Behold your better genius stand:
Where Truth revolves her page divine,
Where Virtue leads to honor's shrine,
Behold, he lifts his awful hand.

IX.

Fix but on these your ruling aim,
 And time, the fire of manly care,
 Will fancy's dazzling colours tame,
 A soberer dress will beauty wear :
 Then shall esteem by knowledge led
 Inthroned within your heart and head
 Some happier love, some truer fair.

O D E IV.

AFFECTED INDIFFERENCE

TO THE SAME.

I.

YES : You condemn the perjurd maid
 Who all your favorite hopes betray'd :
 Nor, tho' her heart should home return,
 Her tuneful tongue its falsehood mourn,
 Her winning eyes your faith implore,
 Would you her hand receive again,
 Or once dissemble your disdain,
 Or listen to the syren's theme,
 Or stoop to love : Since now esteem
 And confidence, and friendship, is no more.

II.

Yet tell me, Phædria, tell me why,
 When summoning your pride you try
 To meet her looks with cool neglect,
 Or cross her walk with slight respect,
 (For so is falsehood best repaid)
 Whence do your cheeks indignant glow?
 Why is your struggling tongue so slow?
 What means that darkness on your brow?
 As if with all her broken vow
 You meant the fair apostate to upbraid?

O D E V.

A G A I N S T S U S P I C I O N.

I.

O H fly! 'tis dire Suspicion's mien;
 And, meditating plagues unseen,
 The forcerefs hither bends:
 Behold her torch in gall imbrued:
 Behold—her garment drops with blood
 Of lovers and of friends.

H.

Fly far! Already in your eyes
 I see a pale suffusion rise;
 And soon thro' every vein,
 Soon will her secret venom spread,
 And all your heart and all your head
 Imbibe the potent stain.

III.

Then many a demon will she raise
 To vex your sleep, to haunt your ways;
 While gleams of lost delight
 Raise the dark tempest of the brain,
 As lightning shines across the main
 Thro' whirlwinds and thro' night.

IV.

No more can faith or candor move;
 But each ingenuous deed of love,
 Which reason would applaud,
 Now, smiling o'er her dark distress,
 Fancy malignant strives to dress
 Like injury and fraud.

V.

Farewell to virtue's peaceful times:
 Soon will you stoop to act the crimes
 Which thus you stoop to fear:
 Guilt follows guilt: And where the train
 Begins with wrongs of such a stain,
 What horrors form the rear!

VI.

'Tis thus to work her baleful power,
 Suspicion waits the fullen hour
 Of fretfulness and strife,
 When care the infirmer bosom wrings,
 Or Eurus waves his murky wings
 To damp the seats of life.

VII.

But come, forsake the scene unblest'd
 Which first beheld your faithful breast
 To groundless fears a prey:
 Come, where with my prevailing lyre
 The skies, the streams, the groves conspire
 To charm your doubts away.

VIII.

Thron'd in the sun's descending car,
 What power unseen diffuseth far
 This tenderness of mind?
 What genius smiles on yonder flood?
 What god, in whispers from the wood,
 Bids every thought be kind?

IX.

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
 Whose wisdom our untoward frame
 With social love restrains!
 Thou, who by fair affection's ties
 Giv'st us to double all our joys
 And half disarm our pains!

X.

Let universal candor still,
 Clear as yon heaven-reflecting rill,
 Preserve my open mind;
 Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
 One sordid doubt within me raise
 To injure human kind.

O D E VI.

HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

HOW thick the shades of evening close!
 How pale the sky with weight of snows!
 Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
 And bid the joyless day retire.
 —Alas, in vain I try within
 To brighten the dejected scene,
 While rous'd by grief these fiery pains
 Tear the frail texture of my veins;
 While Winter's voice, that storms around,
 And yon deep death-bell's groaning sound
 Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
 Till starting horror shakes the room.

Is there in Nature no kind power
 To soothe affliction's lonely hour?
 To blunt the edge of dire disease,
 And teach these wint'ry shades to please?

Come, Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
Shine thro' the hovering cloud of care :
O sweet of language, mild of mien,
O Virtue's friend and Pleasure's queen,
Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
Compose my jarring thoughts to rest ;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My song shall all thy praise reveal.

As once ('twas in Astræa's reign)
The vernal powers renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging thro' the spheres above,
And downward hither cast his eye
The year's returning pomp to spy.
He saw the radiant god of day,
Waft in his car the rosy May ;
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were shedding round him dews and flowers ;
Before his wheels Aurora pass'd,
And Hesper's golden lamp was last.
But, fairest of the blooming throng,
When Health majestic mov'd along,
Delighted to survey below
The joys which from her presence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And swains, and flocks, and fields rejoice ;
Then mighty Love her charms confess'd,
And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
And, known from that auspicious morn,
The pleasing Cheerfulness was born.

Thou, Cheerfulness, by heaven design'd
 To sway the movements of the mind,
 Whatever fretful passion springs,
 Whatever wayward fortune brings
 To disarrange the power within,
 And strain the musical machine;
 Thou, Goddess, thy attempering hand
 Doth each discordant string command,
 Refines the soft, and swells the strong;
 And, joining Nature's general song,
 Thro' many a varying tone unfolds
 The harmony of human souls.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
 Kind banisher of homebred strife,
 Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye
 Deforms the scene where thou art by;
 No sickening husband damns the hour
 Which bound his joys to female power;
 No pining mother weeps the cares
 Which parents waste on thankless heirs;
 The officious daughters pleas'd attend;
 The brother adds the name of friend:
 By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
 With songs from thee their walks resound;
 And morn with welcome lustre shines,
 And evening unperceiv'd declines.

Is there a youth, whose anxious heart
 Labors with Love's unpitied smart?
 Tho' now he stray by rills and bowers,
 And weeping waste the lonely hours,
 Or if the nymph her audience deign,

Debase the story of his pain
With slavish looks, discolour'd eyes,
And accents faltering into sighs ;
Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease
Canst yield him happier arts to please,
Inform his mien with manlier charms,
Instruct his tongue with nobler arms,
With more commanding passion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse and all her train,
For thee I court the Muse again :
The Muse for thee may well exert
Her pomp, her charms, her fondest art,
Who owes to thee that pleasing sway
Which earth and peopled heaven obey.
Let melancholy's plentive tongue
Repeat what later bards have sung ;
But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight :
Thy hand each Lesbian wreath attir'd :
Thy lip Sicilian reeds inspir'd :
Thy spirit lent the glad perfume
Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom
Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
Delicious blows the enlivening gale,
While Horace calls thy sportive choir,
Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.

But see where yonder pensive sage
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppress'd,
Or glooms congenial to his breast),

Retires in desert scenes to dwell,
And bids the joyless world farewell.
Alone he treads the autumnal shade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid
He sees the nightly damps ascend,
And gathering storms aloft impend ;
He hears the neighbouring surges roll,
And raging thunders shake the pole :
Then, struck by every object round,
And stunn'd by every horrid sound,
He asks a clue for Nature's ways ;
But evil haunts him thro' the maze :
He sees ten thousand demons rise
To wield the empire of the skies,
And chance and fate assume the rod,
And malice blot the throne of God.
—O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,
Thy lenient influence hither bring ;
Compose the storm, dispel the gloom,
Till Nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
And music swell each opening gale :
Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that presiding cause
Who founds on discord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleasure every pain,
Subdues each hostile form to rest,
And bids the universe be blest'd.

O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,
If right I touch the votive string,
If equal praise I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame ;
Still with the Muse my bosom share,
And soothe to peace intruding care.
But most exert thy pleasing power
On friendship's consecrated hour ;
And while my Sophron points the road
To godlike Wisdom's calm abode,
Or warm in Freedom's ancient cause
Traceth the source of Albion's laws,
Add thou o'er all the generous toil
The light of thy unclouded smile.
But, if by fortune's stubborn sway
From him and friendship torn away,
I court the Muse's healing spell
For griefs that still with absence dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To such indulgent placid themes,
As just the struggling breast may cheer
And just suspend the starting tear,
Yet leave that sacred sense of woe
Which none but friends and lovers know.

O D E VII.

ON THE USE OF POETRY.

I.

NOT for themselves did human kind
 Contrive the parts by heaven assign'd
 On life's wide scene to play :
 Not Scipio's force, nor Cæsar's skill
 Can conquer glory's arduous hill,
 If fortune close the way.

II.

Yet still the self-depending soul,
 Tho' last and least in Fortune's roll,
 His proper sphere commands ;
 And knows what Nature's seal bestow'd,
 And sees, before the throne of God,
 The rank in which he stands.

III.

Who train'd by laws the future age,
 Who rescu'd nations from the rage
 Of partial, factious power,
 My heart with distant homage views ;
 Content if thou, celestial Muse,
 Didst rule my natal hour.

IV.

Not far beneath the hero's feet,
 Nor from the legislator's seat
 Stands far remote the bard.
 Tho' not with public terrors crown'd,
 Yet wider shall his rule be found,
 More lasting his award.

V.

Lycurgus fashion'd Sparta's fame,
 And Pompey to the Roman name
 Gave universal sway;
 Where are they?—Homer's reverend page
 Holds empire to the thirtieth age,
 And tongues and climes obey.

VI.

And thus when William's acts divine
 No longer shall from Bourbon's line
 Draw one vindictive vow;
 When Sidney shall with Cato rest,
 And Ruffel move the patriot's breast
 No more than Brutus now;

VII.

Yet then shall Shakespear's powerful art
 O'er every passion, every heart,
 Confirm his awful throne;
 Tyrants shall bow before his laws;
 And Freedom's, Glory's, Virtue's cause,
 Their dread assertor own.

O D E VIII.

ON LEAVING HOLLAND.

I. 1.

FAREWELL to Leyden's lonely bound,
 The Belgian Muse's sober seat;
 Where dealing frugal gifts around
 To all the favorites at her feet,
 She trains the body's bulky frame
 For passive, persevering toils;
 And lest, from any prouder aim,
 The daring mind should scorn her homely spoils,
 She breathes maternal fogs to damp its restless flames.

I. 2.

Farewell the grave, pacific air,
 Where never mountain zephyr blew:
 The marshy levels lank and bare,
 Which Pan, which Ceres never knew:
 The Naiads, with obscene attire,
 Urging in vain their urns to flow:
 While round them chaunt the croaking choir,
 And haply soothe some lover's prudent woe,
 Or prompt some restive bard and modulate his lyre.

I. 3.

Farewell, ye nymphs, whom sober care of gain
 Snatch'd in your cradles from the god of love:

She render'd all his boasted arrows vain;
And all his gifts did he in spite remove.
Ye too, the slow-ey'd fathers of the land,
With whom dominion steals from hand to hand,
Unown'd, undignify'd by public choice,
I go where liberty to all is known,
And tells a monarch on his throne,
He reigns not but by her preserving voice.

II. I.

O my lov'd England, when with thee
Shall I sit down, to part no more?
Far from this pale, discolor'd sea,
That sleeps upon the reedy shore,
When shall I plow thy azure tide?
When on thy hills the flocks admire,
Like mountain snows; till down their side
I trace the village and the sacred spire,
While bowers and copses green the golden slope divide?

II. 2.

Ye nymphs who guard the pathless grove,
Ye blue-ey'd sisters of the streams,
With whom I wont at morn to rove,
With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams;
O! take me to your haunts again,
The rocky spring, the greenwood glade;
To guide my lonely footsteps deign,
To prompt my slumbers in the murmuring shade,
And soothe my vacant ear with many an airy strain.

II. 3.

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn
 Thy drooping master's inauspicious hand :
 Now brighter skies and fresher gales return,
 Now fairer maids thy melody demand.
 Daughters of Albion, listen to my lyre !
 O Phœbus, guardian of the Aonian choir,
 Why sounds not mine harmonious as thy own,
 When all the virgin deities above
 With Venus and with Juno move
 In concert round the Olympian father's throne ?

III. I.

Thee too, protectress of my lays,
 Elate with whose majestic call
 Above degenerate Latium's praise,
 Above the slavish boast of Gaul,
 I dare from impious thrones reclaim,
 And wanton sloth's ignoble charms,
 The honours of a poet's name
 To Somer's counsels, or to Hamden's arms,
 Thee, freedom, I rejoin, and bless thy genuine flame,

III. 2.

Great citizen of Albion. Thee
 Heroic valour still attends,
 And useful science pleas'd to see
 How art her studious toil extends.
 While truth, diffusing from on high
 A lustre unconfined as day,
 Fills and commands the public eye ;
 Till, pierc'd and sinking by her powerful ray,
 Tame faith and monkish awe, like nightly demons, fly.

III. 3.

Hence the whole land the patriot's ardour shares :
 Hence dread religion dwells with social joy ;
 And holy passions and unfullied cares,
 In youth, in age, domestic life employ.
 O fair Britannia, hail !—With partial love
 The tribes of men their native seats approve,
 Unjust and hostile to each foreign fame :
 But when for generous minds and manly laws
 A nation holds her prime applause,
 There public zeal shall all reproof disclaim.

O D E IX.

T O C U R I O.

M, DCC, XLIV.

I.

THRICE hath the spring beheld thy faded fame
 Since I exulting grasp'd the tuneful shell :
 Eager thro' endless years to sound thy name,
 Proud that my memory with thine should dwell.
 How hast thou stain'd the splendor of my choice !
 Those godlike forms which hover'd round thy voice,
 Laws, freedom, glory, whither are they flown ?
 What can I now of thee to time report,
 Save thy fond country made thy impious sport,
 Her fortune and her hope the victims of thy own ?

II.

There are with eyes unmov'd and reckless heart
 Who saw thee from thy summit fall thus low,
 Who deem'd thy arm extended but to dart
 The public vengeance on thy private foe.
 But, spite of every gloss of envious minds,
 The owl-ey'd race whom virtue's lustre blinds,
 Who sagely prove that each man hath his price,
 I still believ'd thy aim from blemish free,
 I yet, even yet, believe it, spite of thee
 And all thy painted pleas to greatness and to vice.

III.

“ Thou didst not dream of liberty decay'd,
 “ Nor wish to make her guardian laws more strong :
 “ But the rash many, first by thee misled,
 “ Bore thee at length unwillingly along.”
 Rise from your sad abodes, ye curst of old
 For faith deserted or for cities sold,
 Own here one untry'd, unexampled, deed ;
 One mystery of shame from Curio learn,
 To beg the infamy he did not earn,
 And scape in guilt's disguise from virtue's offer'd meed.

IV.

For saw we not that dangerous power avow'd
 Whom freedom oft hath found her mortal bane,
 Whom public wisdom ever strove to exclude,
 And but with blushes suffereth in her train ?
 Corruption vaunted her bewitching spoils,
 O'er court, o'er senate, spread in pomp her toils,

And call'd herself the states directing soul :
Till Curio, like a good magician, try'd
With eloquence and reason at his side,
By strength of holier spells the inchantress to controul.

V.

Soon with thy country's hope thy fame extends :
The rescued merchant oft thy words resounds :
Thee and thy cause the rural hearth defends :
His bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns :
The learn'd recluse, with awful zeal who read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
Now with like awe doth living merit scan :
While he, whom virtue in his blest retreat
Bade social ease and public passions meet,
Ascends the civil scene, and knows to be a man.

VI.

At length in view the glorious end appear'd :
We saw thy spirit thro' the senate reign ;
And freedom's friends thy instant omen heard
Of laws for which their fathers bled in vain.
Wak'd in the strife the public Genius rose
More keen, more ardent from his long repose :
Deep thro' her bounds the city felt his call :
Each crouded haunt was stirr'd beneath his power,
And murmuring challeng'd the deciding hour
Of that too vast event, the hope and dread of all.

VII.

O ye good powers who look on human kind,
 Instruct the mighty moments as they rowl;
 And watch the fleeting shapes in Curio's mind,
 And steer his passions steady to the goal.
 O Alfred, father of the English name!
 O valiant Edward, first in civil fame!
 O William, height of public virtue pure!
 Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye,
 Behold the sum of all your labors nigh,
 Your plans of law complete, your ends of rule secure.

VIII.

'Twas then—O shame! O soul from faith estrang'd!
 O Albion oft to flattering vows a prey!
 'Twas then—Thy thought what sudden frenzy
 chang'd?
 What rushing palsy took thy strength away?
 Is this the man in freedom's cause approv'd?
 The man so great, so honour'd, so belov'd?
 Whom the dead envy'd, and the living blest'd?
 This patient slave by tinsel bonds allur'd?
 This wretched suitor for a boon abjur'd?
 Whom those that fear'd him, scorn; that trusted him,
 detest?

IX.

O lost alike to action and repose!
 With all that habit of familiar fame,
 Sold to the mockery of relentless foes,
 And doom'd to exhaust the dregs of life in shame,

To act with burning brow and throbbing heart
A poor deserter's dull exploded part,
To slight the favor thou canst hope no more,
Renounce the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
Charge thy own lightness on thy country's mind,
And from her voice appeal to each tame foreign shore.

X.

But England's sons, to purchase thence applause,
Shall ne'er the loyalty of slaves pretend,
By courtly passion's try the public cause;
Nor to the forms of rule betray the end.
O race erect! by manliest passions mov'd,
The labors which to virtue stand approv'd,
Prompt with a lover's fondness to survey;
Yet, where injustice works her wilful claim,
Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,
Impatient to confront, and dreadful to repay.

XI.

These thy heart owns no longer. In their room
See the grave queen of pageants, Honor, dwell
Couch'd in thy bosom's deep tempestuous gloom
Like some grim idol in a forcerer's cell.
Before her rites thy sickening reason flew,
Divine persuasion from thy tongue withdrew,
While laughter mock'd, or pity stole a sigh:
Can wit her tender movements rightly frame
Where the prime function of the soul is lame?
Can fancy's feeble springs the force of truth supply?

XII.

But come: 'Tis time: Strong destiny impends
To shut thee from the joys thou hast betray'd:
With princes fill'd, the solemn fane ascends,
By Infamy, the mindful demon sway'd.
There vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
From Nations fetter'd, and from towns laid waste,
For ever thro' the spacious courts resound:
There long posterity's united groan
And the sad charge of horrors not their own,
Assail the giant chiefs, and press them to the ground.

XIII.

In sight old Time, imperious judge, awaits:
Above revenge, or fear, or pity, just,
He urgeth onward to those guilty gates
The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and August:
And still he asks them of the hidden plan
Whence every treaty, every war began,
Evolves their secrets, and their guilt proclaims:
And still his hands despoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath by lying bards bestow'd,
And crush their trophies huge, and rase their sculptur'd
names.

XIV.

Ye mighty shades, arise, give place, attend:
Here his eternal mansion Curio seeks:
—Low doth proud Wentworth to the stranger bend,
And his dire welcome hardy Clifford speaks:

“ He comes, whom fate with surer arts prepar’d
“ To accomplish all which we but vainly dar’d;
“ Whom o’er the stubborn herd she taught to reign :
“ Who sooth’d with gaudy dreams their raging power
“ Even to its last irrevocable hour ;
“ Then baffled their rude strength, and broke them
“ to the chain.”

XV.

But ye, whom yet wise liberty inspires,
Whom for her champions o’er the world she claims,
(That household godhead whom of old your fires
Sought in the woods of Elbe and bore to Thames)
Drive ye this hostile omen far away ;
Their own fell efforts on her foes repay ;
Your wealth, your arts, your fame, be her’s alone :
Still gird your swords to combat on her side ;
Still frame your laws her generous test to abide ;
And win to her defence the altar and the throne.

XVI.

Protect her from yourselves, ere yet the flood
Of golden luxury, which commerce pours,
Hath spread that selfish fierceness thro’ your blood,
Which not her lightest discipline indures :
Snatch from fantastic demagogues her cause :
Dream not of Numa’s manners, Plato’s laws :
A wiser founder, and a nobler plan,
O sons of Alfred, were for you assign’d :
Bring to that birthright but an equal mind,
And no sublimer lot will fate reserve for man.

O D E X.

T O T H E M U S E.

I.

QUEEN of my songs, harmonious maid,
 Ah why hast thou withdrawn thy aid?
 Ah why forsaken thus my breast
 With inauspicious damps oppress'd?
 Where is the dread prophetic heat,
 With which my bosom wont to beat?
 Where all the bright mysterious dreams
 Of haunted groves and tuneful streams,
 That woo'd my genius to divinest themes?

II.

Say, goddess, can the festal board,
 Or young Olympia's form ador'd;
 Say, can the pomp of promis'd fame
 Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?
 Or have melodious airs the power
 To give one free, poetic hour?
 Or, from amid the Elysian train,
 The soul of Milton shall I gain,
 To win thee back with some celestial strain?

III.

O powerful strain ! O sacred soul !
 His numbers every sense controul :
 And now again my bosom burns ;
 The Muse, the Muse herself returns.
 Such on the banks of Tyne, confess'd,
 I hail'd the fair immortal guest,
 When first she seal'd me for her own,
 Made all her blissful treasures known,
 And bade me swear to follow Her alone.

O D E XI.

ON LOVE, TO A FRIEND.

I.

NO, foolish youth—To virtuous fame
 If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
 If true ambition's nobler flame
 Command thy footsteps from the crowd,
 Lean not to Love's enchanting snare ;
 His songs, his words, his looks beware,
 Nor join his votaries, the young and fair.

II.

By thought, by dangers, and by toils,
 The wreath of just renown is worn ;
 Nor will ambition's awful spoils
 The flowery pomp of ease adorn :

But love unbends the force of thought ;
By love unmanly fears are taught ;
And love's reward with gaudy sloth is bought.

III.

Yet thou hast read in tuneful lays,
And heard from many a zealous breast,
The pleasing tale of beauty's praise
In wisdom's lofty language dress'd ;
Of beauty powerful to impart
Each finer sense, each comelier art,
And soothe and polish man's ungentle heart.

IV.

If then, from Love's deceit secure,
Thus far alone thy wishes tend,
Go ; see the white-wing'd evening hour
On Delia's vernal walk descend :
Go, while the golden light serene,
The grove, the lawn, the soften'd scene
Becomes the presence of the rural queen.

V.

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
Each bosom, each desire commands :
Apollo's lute by Hermes strung,
And touch'd by chaste Minerva's hands,
Attend. I feel a force divine,
O Delia, win my thoughts to thine ;
That half the color of thy life is mine.

VI.

Yet conscious of the dangerous charm,
Soon would I turn my steps away ;
Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
Nor lull my reason's watchful sway.
But thou, my friend—I hear thy sighs :
Alas, I read thy downcast eyes ;
And thy tongue falters ; and thy color flies.

VII.

So soon again to meet the fair ?
So pensive all this absent hour ?
—O yet, unlucky youth, beware,
While yet to think is in thy power.
In vain with friendship's flattering name
Thy passion veils its inward shame ;
Friendship, the treacherous fuel of thy flame !

VIII.

Once, I remember, new to love,
And dreading his tyrannic chain,
I sought a gentle maid to prove
What peaceful joys in friendship reign :
Whence we forsooth might safely stand,
And pitying view the lovesick band,
And mock the winged boy's malicious hand.

IX.

Thus frequent pass'd the cloudless day,
To smiles and sweet discourse resign'd ;
While I exulted to survey
One generous woman's real mind :

Till friendship soon my languid breast
 Each night with unknown cares possess'd,
 Dash'd my coy slumbers, or my dreams distress'd.

X.

Fool that I was—And now, even now
 While thus I preach the Stoic strain,
 Unless I shun Olympia's view,
 An hour unfays it all again.
 O friend!—when love directs her eyes
 To pierce where every passion lies,
 Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wise?

O D E XII.

T O

SIR FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE,
 BARONET.

I.

BEHOLD! the Balance in the sky
 Swift on the wint'ry scale inclines:
 To earthy caves the Dryads fly,
 And the bare pastures Pan resigns.
 Late did the farmer's fork o'erspread
 With recent soil the twice-mown mead,

Tainting the bloom which autumn knows :
He whets the rusty coulter now,
He binds his oxen to the plough,
And wide his future harvest throws.

II.

Now, London's busy confines round,
By Kensington's imperial towers,
From Highgate's rough descent profound,
Essexian heaths, or Kentish bowers,
Where'er I pass, I see approach
Some rural statesman's eager coach
Hurried by senatorial cares :
While rural nymphs (alike, within,
Aspiring courtly praise to win)
Debate their dress, reform their airs.

III.

Say, what can now the country boast,
O Drake, thy footsteps to detain,
When peevish winds and gloomy frost
The sunshine of the temper stain ?
Say, are the priests of Devon grown
Friends to this tolerating throne,
Champions for George's legal right ?
Have general freedom, equal law,
Won to the glory of Nassau
Each bold Westsaxon squire and knight ?

IV.

I doubt it much ; and guess at least
That when the day, which made us free,
Shall next return, that sacred feast
Thou better may'st observe with me.

With me the sulphurous treason old
A far inferior part shall hold
In that glad day's triumphal strain
And generous William be rever'd,
Nor one untimely accent heard
Of James or his ignoble reign.

V.

Then, while the Gascon's fragrant wine
With modest cups our joy supplies,
We'll truly thank the power divine
Who bade the chief, the patriot rise;
Rise from heroic ease (the spoil
Due, for his youth's Herculean toil,
From Belgium to her savior son)
Rise with the same unconquer'd zeal
For our Britannia's injur'd weal,
Her laws defac'd, her shrines o'erthrown.

VI.

He came. The tyrant from our shore,
Like a forbidden demon, fled;
And to eternal exile bore
Pontific rage and vassal dread.
There sunk the mouldering Gothic reign:
New years came forth, a liberal train,
Call'd by the people's great decree.
That day, my friend, let blessings crown:
—Fill, to the demigod's renown
From whom thou hast that thou art free.

VII.

Then, Drake, (for wherefore should we part
The public and the private weal?)

In vows to her who sways thy heart,
Fair health, glad fortune, will we deal.

Whether Aglaia's blooming cheek,
Or the soft ornaments that speak

So eloquent in Daphne's smile,

Whether the piercing lights that fly

From the dark heaven of Myrto's eye,

Haply thy fancy then beguile.

VIII.

For so it is. Thy stubborn breast,

Tho' touch'd by many a slighter wound,

Hath no full conquest yet confess'd,

Nor the one fatal charmer found.

While I, a true and loyal swain,

My fair Olympia's gentle reign

Thro' all the varying seasons own.

Her genius still my bosom warms:

No other maid for me hath charms,

Or I have eyes for her alone.

O D E XIII.

O N L Y R I C P O E T R Y.

I. 1.

ONCE more I join the Thespian choir,
 And taste the inspiring fount again :
 O parent of the Grecian lyre,
 Admit me to thy powerful strain——
 And lo ! with ease my step invades
 The pathless vale and opening shades,
 Till now I spy her verdant seat ;
 And now at large I drink the sound,
 While these her offspring, listening round,
 By turns her melody repeat.

I. 2.

I see Anacreon smile and sing,
 His silver tresses breathe perfume ;
 His cheek displays a second spring
 Of roses taught by wine to bloom.
 Away, deceitful cares, away,
 And let me listen to his lay ;
 Let me the wanton pomp enjoy,
 While in smooth dance the light-wing'd hours
 Lead round his lyre its patron powers,
 Kind laughter and convivial joy.

I. 3.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
 Devoting shame and vengeance to her lords,
 With louder impulse and a threatening hand
 The * Lesbian patriot smites the founding chords :
 Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
 Ye curs'd of gods and freeborn men,
 Ye murderers of the laws,
 Tho' now ye glory in your lust,
 Tho' now ye tread the feeble neck in dust, [cause.
 Yet Time and righteous Jove will judge your dreadful

II. 1.

But lo! to Sappho's melting airs
 Descends the radiant queen of love :
 She smiles, and asks what fonder cares
 Her suppliant's plaintive measures move :
 Why is my faithful maid distress'd ?
 Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breast ?
 Say, flies he ?——Soon he shall pursue :
 Shuns he thy gifts ?——He soon shall give :
 Slights he thy sorrows ?——He shall grieve,
 And soon to all thy wishes bow.

II. 2.

But, O Melpomene, for whom
 Awakes thy golden shell again ?
 What mortal breath shall e'er presume
 To echo that unbounded strain ?
 Majestic in the frown of years,
 Behold, the † man of Thebes appears :

H 2

* Alcæus.

† Pindar.

For some there are, whose mighty frame
 The hand of Jove at birth endow'd
 With hopes that mock the gazing crowd;
 As eagles drink the noontide flame,

II. 3.

While the dim raven beats her weary wings,
 And clamours far below.—Propitious Muse,
 While I so late unlock thy purer springs,
 And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuse,
 Wilt thou for Albion's sons around
 (Ne'er had'st thou audience more renown'd)
 Thy charming arts employ,
 As when the winds from shore to shore
 Thro' Greece thy lyre's persuasive language bore,
 Till towns and isles and seas return'd the vocal joy?

III. 1.

Yet then did pleasure's lawless throng,
 Oft rushing forth in loose attire,
 Thy virgin dance, thy graceful song
 Pollute with impious revels dire.
 O fair, O chaste, thy echoing shade
 May no foul discord here invade:
 Nor let thy strings one accent move,
 Except what earth's untroubled ear
 'Mid all her social tribes may hear,
 And heaven's unerring throne approve.

III. 2.

Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
 The fairest flowers of Pindus glow;
 The vine aspires to crown thy feat,
 And myrtles round thy laurel grow.

Thy strings adapt their varied strain
To every pleasure, every pain,
Which mortal tribes were born to prove;
And strait our passions rise or fall,
As at the wind's imperious call
The ocean swells, the billows move.

III. 3.

When midnight listens o'er the slumbering earth,
Let me, O Muse, thy solemn whispers hear:
When morning sends her fragrant breezes forth,
With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.

And ever watchful at thy side,
Let wisdom's awful suffrage guide

The tenor of thy lay:

To her of old by Jove was given

To judge the various deeds of earth and heaven;
'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her sway.

IV. I.

Oft as, to well-earn'd ease resign'd,
I quit the maze where science toils,
Do thou refresh my yielding mind
With all thy gay, delusive spoils.
But, O indulgent, come not nigh
The busy steps, the jealous eye
Of wealthy care or gainful age;
Whose barren souls thy joys disdain,
And hold as foes to reason's reign
Whome'er thy lovely works engage.

IV. 2.

When friendship and when letter'd mirth
 Haply partake my simple board,
 Then let thy blameless hand call forth
 The music of the Teian chord.
 Or if invok'd at softer hours,
 O! seek with me the happy bowers
 That hear Olympia's gentle tongue;
 To beauty link'd with virtue's train,
 To love devoid of jealous pain,
 There let the Sapphic lute be strung.

IV. 3.

But when from envy and from death to claim
 A hero bleeding for his native land;
 When to throw incense on the vestal flame
 Of liberty my genius gives command,
 Nor Theban voice nor Lesbian lyre
 From thee, O Muse, do I require;
 While my presaging mind,
 Conscious of powers she never knew,
 Astonish'd grasps at things beyond her view,
 Nor by another's fate submits to be confin'd.

O D E XIV.

TO THE HONOURABLE
CHARLES TOWNSHEND:
FROM THE COUNTRY.

I.

SAY, Townshend, what can London boast
To pay thee for the pleasures lost,
The health to-day resign'd,
When spring from this her favorite seat
Bade winter hasten his retreat,
And met the western wind.

II.

Oh! knew'st thou how the balmy air,
The fun, the azure heavens prepare
To heal thy languid frame,
No more would noisy courts engage;
In vain would lying faction's rage
Thy sacred leisure claim.

III.

Oft I look'd forth, and oft admir'd;
Till with the studious volume tir'd
I sought the open day;

And sure, I cry'd, the rural gods
Expect me in their green abodes,
And chide my tardy lay.

IV.

But ah! in vain my restless feet
Trac'd every silent shady seat
Which knew their forms of old :
Nor Naiad by her fountain laid,
Nor wood-nymph tripping through her glade,
Did now their rites unfold :

V.

Whether to nurse some infant oak
They turn the slowly-tinkling brook
And catch the pearly showers,
Or brush the mildew from the woods,
Or paint with noontide beams the buds,
Or breathe on opening flowers.

VI.

Such rites, which they with spring renew,
The eyes of care can never view ;
And care hath long been mine :
And hence offended with their guest,
Since grief of love my soul oppress'd,
They hide their toils divine.

VII.

But soon shall thy invivening tongue
This heart, by dear affliction wrung,
With noble hope inspire :

Then will the sylvan powers again
 Receive me in their genial train,
 And listen to my lyre.

VIII.

Beneath yon Dryad's lonely shade
 A rustic altar shall be paid,
 Of turf with laurel fram'd :
 And thou the inscription wilt approve ;
 " This for the peace which, lost by love,
 " By friendship was reclaim'd."

O D E XV.

TO THE EVENING-STAR.

I.

TO-NIGHT retir'd the queen of heaven
 With young Endymion stays :
 And now to Hesper it is given
 A while to rule the vacant sky,
 Till she shall to her lamp supply
 A stream of brighter rays.

II.

O Hesper, while the starry throng
 With awe thy path surrounds,
 Oh listen to my suppliant song,
 If haply now the vocal sphere
 Can suffer thy delighted ear,
 To stoop to mortal sounds.

III.

So may the bridegroom's genial strain

Thee still invoke to shine :

So may the bride's unmarried train

To Hymen chaunt their flattering vow,

Still that his lucky torch may glow

With lustre pure as thine.

IV.

Far other vows must I prefer

To thy indulgent power.

Alas! but now I paid my tear

On fair Olympia's virgin tomb :

And lo! from thence, in quest I roam

Of Philomela's bower.

V.

Propitious send thy golden ray,

Thou purest light above :

Let no false flame seduce to stray

Where gulph or steep lie hid for harm :

But lead where music's healing charm

May soothe afflicted love.

VI.

To them, by many a grateful song

In happier seasons vow'd,

These lawns, Olympia's haunt, belong :

Oft by yon silver stream we walk'd,

Or fix'd, while Philomela talk'd,

Beneath yon copses stood.

VII.

Nor seldom, where the beachen boughs
That roofless tower invade,
We came while her enchanting Muse
The radiant moon above us held :
Till by a clamorous owl compell'd
She fled the solemn shade.

VIII.

But hark! I hear her liquid tone:
Now, Hesper, guide my feet
Down the red marle with moss o'ergrown,
Through yon wild thicket next the plain,
Whose hawthorns choke the winding lane
Which leads to her retreat.

IX.

See the green space : On either hand
Inlarg'd it spreads around :
See, in the midst she takes her stand,
Where one old oak his awful shade
Extends o'er half the level mead
Inclos'd in woods profound.

X.

Hark ! how through many a melting note
She now prolongs her lays :
How sweetly down the void they float !
The breeze their magic path attends :
The stars shine out : The forest bends :
The wakeful heifers gaze.

XI.

Whoe'er thou art whom chance may bring
To this sequester'd spot,
If then the plaintive Syren sing,
Oh softly tread beneath her bower,
And think of heaven's disposing power,
Of man's uncertain lot.

XII.

Oh think, o'er all this mortal stage,
What mournful scenes arise :
What ruin waits on kingly rage :
How often virtue dwells with woe :
How many griefs from knowledge flow :
How swiftly pleasure flies.

XIII.

O sacred bird, let me at eve,
Thus wandering all alone,
Thy tender counsel oft receive,
Bear witness to thy pensive airs,
And pity Nature's common cares
Till I forget my own.

O D E XVI.

TO CALEB HARDINGE, M. D.

I.

WITH fordid floods the wintry * Urn
 Hath stain'd fair Richmond's level green :
 Her naked hill the Dryads mourn,
 No longer a poetic scene.
 No longer there thy raptur'd eye
 The beauteous forms of earth or sky
 Surveys as in their Author's mind :
 And London shelters from the year,
 Those whom the social hours to share
 The Attic Muse design'd.

II.

From Hampstead's airy summit me
 Her guest the city shall behold,
 What day the people's stern decree
 To unbelieving kings is told,
 When common men (the dread of fame)
 Adjudg'd as one of evil name,
 Before the sun, the anointed head.

* Aquarius.

Then seek thou to the pious town,
With no unworthy cares to crown
That evening's awful shade.

III.

Deem not I call thee to deplore
The sacred martyr of the day,
By fast and penitential lore
To purge our ancient guilt away.
For this, on humble faith I rest
That still our advocate, the priest,
From heavenly wrath will save the land:
Nor ask what rites our pardon gain,
Nor how his potent sounds restrain
The thunderer's lifted hand.

IV.

No, Hardinge: Peace to church and state!
That evening, let the Muse give law:
While I anew the theme relate
Which my first youth enamour'd saw.
Then will I oft explore thy thought,
What to reject which Locke hath taught,
What to pursue in Virgil's lay:
Till hope ascends to loftiest things,
Nor envies demagogues or kings
Their frail and vulgar sway.

V.

O vers'd in all the human frame,
Lead thou where'er my labor lies,
And English fancy's eager flame
To Grecian purity chastize:

While hand in hand, at wisdom's shrine,
 Beauty with truth I strive to join,
 And grave assent with glad applause;
 To paint the story of the soul,
 And Plato's visions to controul
 By * Verulamian laws.

O D E XVII.

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY

M, DCC, XLVII.

I.

COME then, tell me, sage divine,
 Is it an offence to own
 That our bosoms e'er incline
 Toward immortal glory's throne?
 For with me nor pomp, nor pleasure,
 Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
 So can fancy's dream rejoice,
 So conciliate reason's choice,
 As one approving word of her impartial voice.

* Verulum gave one of his titles to Francis Bacon,
 author of the *Novum Organum*.

If to spurn at noble praise
 Be the pass-port to thy heaven,
 Follow thou those gloomy ways;
 No such law to me was given,
 Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me
 Faring like my friends before me;
 Nor an holier place desire
 Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
 And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

O D E XVIII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 FRANCIS EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

M, DCC, XLVII.

I. I.

THE wise and great of every clime,
 Thro' all the spacious walks of Time,
 Where'er the Muse her power display'd,
 With joy have listen'd and obey'd.
 For taught of heaven, the sacred Nine
 Persuasive numbers, forms divine,
 To mortal sense impart:

They best the soul with glory fire;
 They noblest counsels, boldest deeds inspire;
 And high o'er Fortune's rage inthroned the fixed heart.

I. 2.

Nor less prevailing is their charm
 The vengeful bosom to disarm;
 To melt the proud with human woe,
 And prompt unwilling tears to flow.
 Can wealth a power like this afford?
 Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's sword,
 An equal empire claim?
 No, Hastings. Thou my words wilt own:
 Thy breast the gifts of every Muse hath known;
 Nor shall the giver's love disgrace thy noble name.

I. 3.

The Muse's awful art,
 And the blest function of the poet's tongue,
 Ne'er shalt thou blush to honour; to assert
 From all that scorned vice or slavish fear hath fung.
 Nor shall the blandishment of Tuscan strings
 Warbling at will in pleasure's myrtle bower;
 Nor shall the servile notes to Celtic kings
 By flattering minstrels paid in evil hour,
 Move thee to spurn the heavenly Muse's reign.
 A different strain,
 And other themes
 From her prophetic shades and hallow'd streams
 (Thou well canst witness) meet the purged ear:

Such, as when Greece to her immortal shell
 Rejoicing listen'd, godlike sounds to hear ;
 To hear the sweet instructress tell
 (While men and heroes throng'd around)
 How life its noblest use may find,
 How well for freedom he resign'd ;
 And how, by glory, virtue shall be crown'd.

II. 1.

Such was the Chian father's strain
 To many a kind domestic train,
 Whose pious hearth and genial bowl
 Had chear'd the reverend pilgrim's soul :
 When, every hospitable rite
 With equal bounty to requite,
 He struck his magic strings ;
 And pour'd spontaneous numbers forth,
 And seiz'd their ears with tales of ancient worth,
 And fill'd their musing hearts with vast heroic things.

II. 2.

Now oft, where happy spirits dwell,
 Where yet he tunes his charming shell,
 Oft near him, with applauding hands,
 The genius of his country stands.
 To listening gods he makes him known,
 That man divine, by whom were sown
 The seeds of Grecian fame :
 Who first the race with freedom fir'd ;
 From whom Lycurgus Sparta's sons inspir'd ;
 From whom Platæan palms and Cyprian trophies came.

II. 3.

O noblest, happiest age!

When Aristides rul'd, and Cimon fought;

When all the generous fruits of Homer's page

Exulting Pindar saw to full perfection brought.

O Pindar! oft shalt thou be hail'd of me:

Not that Apollo fed thee from his shrine;

Not that thy lips drank sweetness from the bee;

Nor yet that, studious of thy notes divine,

Pan danc'd their measure with the sylvan throng:

But that thy song

Was proud to unfold

What thy base rulers trembled to behold;

Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell

The deeds of Athens and the Persian shame:

Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell.

But thou, O faithful to thy fame!

The Muse's law did'st rightly know;

That who would animate his lays,

And other minds to virtue raise,

Must feel his own with all her spirit glow.

III. I.

Are there, approv'd of later times,

Whose verse adorn'd a * Tyrant's crimes?

Who saw majestic Rome betray'd,

And lent the imperial ruffian aid?

Alas! not one polluted bard,

No, not the strains that Mincius heard,

I 2

* Octavianus Cæsar.

Or Tibur's hills reply'd,
 Dare to the Muse's ear aspire ;
 Save that, instructed by the Grecian lyre,
 With freedom's ancient notes their shameful task they
 hide.

III. 2.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,
 Amid the domes of modern hands :
 Amid the toys of idle state,
 How simply, how severely great !
 Then turn, and, while each western clime
 Presents her tuneful sons to Time,
 So mark thou Milton's name ;
 And add, " Thus differs from the throng
 " The spirit which inform'd thy awful song,
 " Which bade thy potent voice protect thy country's
 " fame."

III. 3.

Yet hence barbaric zeal
 His memory with unholy rage pursues ;
 While from these arduous cares of public weal
 She bids each bard begone, and rest him with his Muse.
 O fool ! to think the man, whose ample mind
 Must grasp at all that yonder stars survey ;
 Must join the noblest forms of every kind,
 The world's most perfect image to display,
 Can e'er his country's majesty behold,
 Unmov'd or cold !
 O fool ! to deem
 That he, whose thought must visit every theme,

Whose heart must every strong emotion know
 Inspir'd by nature, or by fortune taught ;
 That he, if haply some presumptuous foe,
 With false ignoble science fraught,
 Shall spurn at freedom's faithful band ;
 That he their dear defence will shun,
 Or hide their glories from the sun,
 Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand !

IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain,
 Or on the sportive banks of Seine,
 From public themes the Muse's quire
 Content with polish'd ease retire.
 Where priests the studious head command,
 Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
 To vile ambition's aim,
 Say, what can public themes afford,
 Save venal honours to an hateful lord,
 Reserv'd for angry heaven and scorn'd of honest fame ?

IV. 2.

But here, where freedom's equal throne
 To all her valiant sons is known ;
 Where all are conscious of her cares,
 And each the power that rules him, shares ;
 Here let the bard, whose dastard tongue
 Leaves public arguments unfung,
 Bid public praise farewell :
 Let him to fitter climes remove,
 Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
 And lull mysterious monks to slumber in their cell.

IV. 3.

O Hastings, not to all
 Can ruling heaven the same endowments lend :
 Yet still doth Nature to her offspring call,
 That to one general weal their different powers they bend,
 Unenvious. Thus alone, tho' strains divine
 Inform the bosom of the Muse's son ;
 Tho' with new honors the patrician's line
 Advance from age to age ; yet thus alone
 They win the suffrage of impartial fame.

The poet's name

He best shall prove,
 Whose lays the soul with noblest passions move.
 But thee, O progeny of heroes old,
 Thee to severer toils thy fate requires :
 The fate which form'd thee in a chosen mould,
 The grateful country of thy fires,
 Thee to sublimer paths demand ;
 Sublimer than thy fires could trace,
 Or thy own Edward teach his race,
 Though Gaul's proud genius sank beneath his hand.

V. I.

From rich domains and subject farms,
 They led the rustic youth to arms ;
 And kings their stern achievements fear'd ;
 While private strife their banners rear'd,
 But loftier scenes to thee are shown,
 Where empire's wide-establish'd throne
 No private master fills :

Where, long foretold, the People reigns :
 Where each a vassal's humble heart disdains ;
 And judgeth what he sees ; and, as he judgeth, wills.

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
 The swelling Democratic tide ;
 To watch the state's uncertain frame,
 And baffle faction's partial aim :
 But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,
 To quell that servile band, who kneel
 To freedom's banish'd foes ;
 That monster, which is daily found
 Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound ;
 Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counsel knows.

V. 3.

'Tis highest heaven's command,
 That guilty aims should fordid paths pursue ;
 That what ensnares the heart should maim the hand,
 And virtue's worthless foes be false to glory too.
 But look on freedom. see, thro' every age,
 What labours, perils, griefs, hath she disdain'd !
 What arms, what regal pride, what priestly rage,
 Have her dread offspring conquer'd or sustain'd !
 For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the strains
 Of happy swains,
 Which now resound
 Where Scarfdale's cliffs the swelling pastures bound,

Bear witness. there, oft let the farmer hail
 The sacred orchard which imbowers his gate,
 And shew to strangers passing down the vale,
 Where Candish, Booth, and Osborne fate;
 When bursting from their country's chain,
 Even in the midst of deadly harms,
 Of papal snares and lawless arms,
 They plann'd for freedom this her noblest reign.

VI. 1.

This reign, these laws, this public care,
 Which Nassau gave us all to share,
 Had ne'er adorn'd the English name,
 Could fear have silenc'd freedom's claim.
 But fear in vain attempts to bind
 Those lofty efforts of the mind
 Which social good inspires;
 Where men, for this, assault a throne,
 Each adds the common welfare to his own;
 And each unconquer'd heart the strength of all acquires.

VI. 2.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd
 Our fields in civil blood imbru'd?
 When fortune crown'd the barbarous host,
 And half the astonish'd isle was lost?
 Did one of all that vaunting train,
 Who dare affront a peaceful reign,
 Durst one in arms appear?
 Durst one in counsels pledge his life?
 Stake his luxurious fortunes in the strife?
 Or lend his boasted name his vagrant friends to cheer?

VI. 3.

Yet, Hastings, these are they
Who challenge to themselves thy country's love;
The true; the constant: Who alone can weigh,
What glory should demand, or liberty approve!
But let their works declare them. Thy free powers,
The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,
Not for the tasks of their confederate hours,
Lewd brawls and lurking slander, were design'd,
Be thou thy own approver. Honest praise

Oft nobly sways

Ingenuous youth:

But, fought from cowards and the lying mouth,
Praise is reproach. Eternal God alone
For mortals fixeth that sublime award.
He, from the faithful records of his throne,
Bids the historian and the bard
Dispose of honor and of scorn;
Discern the patriot from the slave;
And write the good, the wise, the brave,
For lessons to the multitude unborn.

E N D of the F I R S T B O O K.

ODIE, BOOK THE SECOND. 41

O D I V I

THE REMONSTRANCE OF
SHAKESPEARE.

O D E S.

BOOK THE SECOND.

OLD BOOK THE SECOND

O D E

O D E

BOOK THE SECOND

O D E I.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF
SHAKESPEARE:

Supposed to have been spoken at the Theatre Royal,
while the FRENCH COMEDIANS were acting by
Subscription.

M, DCC, XLIX.

IF, yet regardful of your native land,
Old Shakespeare's tongue you deign to understand,
Lo, from the blissful bowers where heaven rewards
Instructive sages and unblemish'd bards,
I come, the ancient founder of the stage,
Intent to learn, in this discerning age,
What form of wit your fancies have imbrac'd,
And whither tends your elegance of taste,
That thus at length our homely toils you spurn,
That thus to foreign scenes you proudly turn,
That from my brow the laurel wreath you claim
To crown the rivals of your country's fame.

What, though the footsteps of my devious Muse
The measur'd walks of Grecian art refuse?
Or tho' the frankness of my hardy style
Mock the nice touches of the critic's file?

Yet, what my age and climate held to view,
Impartial I survey'd and fearless drew.
And say, ye skilful in the human heart,
Who know to prize a poet's noblest part.
What age, what clime, could e'er an ampler field
For lofty thought, for daring fancy, yield?
I saw this England break the shameful bands
Forg'd for the souls of men by sacred hands :
I saw each groaning realm her aid implore ;
Her sons the heroes of each warlike shore :
Her naval standard (the dire Spaniard's bane)
Obey'd thro' all the circuit of the main.
Then too great commerce, for a late-found world,
Around your coast her eager sails unfurl'd :
New hopes, new passions, thence the bosom fir'd ;
New plans, new arts, the genius thence inspir'd ;
Thence every scene, which private fortune knows,
In stronger life, with bolder spirit, rose.

Disgrac'd I this full prospect which I drew ?
My colors languid, or my strokes untrue ?
Have not your sages, warriors, swains, and kings,
Confess'd the living draught of men and things ?
What other bard in any clime appears
Alike the master of your smiles and tears ?
Yet have I deign'd your audience to intice
With wretched bribes to luxury and vice ?
Or have my various scenes a purpose known
Which freedom, virtue, glory, might not own ?

Such from the first was my dramatic plan ;
It should be your's to crown what I began :
And now that England spurns her Gothic chain,
And equal laws and social science reign,

I thought, Now surely shall my zealous eyes
View nobler bards and juster critics rise,
Intent with learned labour to refine
The copious ore of Albion's native mine,
Our stately Muse more graceful airs to teach,
And form her tongue to more attractive speech,
Till rival nations listen at her feet,
And own her polish'd as they own'd her great.

But do you thus my favorite hopes fulfil?
Is France at last the standard of your skill?
Alas, for you! that so betray a mind
Of art unconscious and to beauty blind.
Say; does her language your ambition raise,
Her barren, trivial, unharmonious phrase,
Which fetters eloquence to scantiest bounds,
And maims the cadence of poetic sounds?
Say; does your humble admiration chuse
The gentle prattle of her Comic Muse,
While wits, plain-dealers, fops, and fools appear,
Charg'd to say nought but what the king may hear?
Or rather melt your sympathizing hearts
Won by her tragic scene's romantic arts,
Where old and young declaim on soft desire,
And heroes never, but for love, expire?

No. Tho' the charms of novelty, a while,
Perhaps too fondly win your thoughtless smile,
Yet not for you design'd indulgent fate
The modes or manners of the Bourbon state.
And ill your minds my partial judgment reads,
And many an augury my hope misleads,
If the fair maids of yonder blooming train
To their light courtship would an audience deign,

Or those chaste matrons a Parisian wife
Chuse for the model of domestic life ;
Or if one youth of all that generous band,
The strength and splendor of their native land,
Would yield his portion of his country's fame,
And quit old freedom's patrimonial claim,
With lying smiles oppression's pomp to see,
And judge of glory by a king's decree.

O blest at home with justly-envied laws,
O long the chiefs of Europe's general cause,
Whom heaven hath chosen at each dangerous hour
To check the inroads of barbaric power,
The rights of trampled nations to reclaim,
And guard the social world from bonds and shame ;
Oh ! let not luxury's fantastic charms
Thus give the lye to your heroic arms :
Nor for the ornaments of life imbrace
Dishonest lessons from that vaunting race,
Whom fate's dread laws (for, in eternal fate
Despotic rule was heir to freedom's hate)
Whom in each warlike, each commercial part,
In civil counsel, and in pleasing art,
The judge of earth predestin'd for your foes,
And made it fame and virtue to oppose.

O D E II.

T O S L E E P.

I.

THOU silent power, whose welcome sway
Charms every anxious thought away ;
In whose divine oblivion drown'd,
Sore pain and weary toil grow mild,
Love is with kinder looks beguil'd,
And grief forgets her fondly-cherish'd wound ;
Oh ! whither hast thou flown indulgent god ?
God of kind shadows and of healing dews,
Whom dost thou touch with thy Lethæan rod ?
Around whose temples now thy opiate airs diffuse ?

II.

Lo ! midnight from her starry reign
Looks awful down on earth and main.
The tuneful birds lie hush'd in sleep,
With all that crop the verdant food,
With all that skim the crystal flood,
Or haunt the caverns of the rocky steep.
No rushing winds disturb the tufted bowers ;
No wakeful sound the moon-light valley knows,
Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
And lulls the waving scene to more profound repose.

III.

Oh let not me alone complain,
 Alone invoke thy power in vain!
 Descend, propitious, on my eyes;
 Not from the couch that bears a crown,
 Not from the courtly statesman's dower,
 Nor where the miser and his treasure lies:
 Bring not the shapes that break the murderer's rest,
 Nor those the hireling soldier loves to see,
 Nor those which haunt the bigot's gloomy breast:
 Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams from me!

IV.

Nor yet those awful forms present,
 For chiefs and heroes only meant:
 The figur'd brass, the choral song,
 The rescued people's glad applause,
 The listening senate, and the laws
 Fix'd by the counsels of * Timoleon's tongue,
 Are scenes too grand for fortune's private ways;
 And tho' they shine in youth's ingenious view,
 The sober gainful arts of modern days
 To such romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu.

V.

I ask not, god of dreams, thy care
 To banish Love's presentments fair:

* After Timoleon had delivered Syracuse from the tyranny of Dionysius, the people on every important deliberation sent for him into the public assembly, asked his advice, and voted according to it. PLUTARCH.

Nor rosy cheek nor radiant eye
 Can arm him with such strong command
 That the young forcerer's fatal hand
 Should round my soul his pleasing fetters tie,
 Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving smile
 (A lighter phantom, and a baser chain)
 Did e'er in slumber my proud lyre beguile
 To lend the pomp of thrones her ill-according strain.

VI.

But, Morpheus, on thy balmy wing
 Such honourable visions bring,
 As sooth'd great Milton's injur'd age,
 When in prophetic dreams he saw
 The race unborn with pious awe
 Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly page:
 Or such as Mead's benignant fancy knows
 When health's deep treasures, by his art explor'd,
 Have sav'd the infant from an orphan's woes,
 Or to the trembling fire his age's hope restor'd.

O D E III.

T O T H E C U C K O W.

I.

O Rustic herald of the Spring,
 At length in yonder woody vale
 Fast by the brook I hear thee sing;

And, studious of thy homely tale,
Amid the vespers of the grove,
Amid the chaunting choir of love,
Thy sage responses hail.

II.

The time has been when I have frown'd
To hear thy voice the woods invade;
And while thy solemn accent drown'd
Some sweeter poet of the shade,
Thus thought I, thus the sons of care
Some constant youth or generous fair
With dull advice upbraid,

III.

I said, " While Philomela's song
" Proclaims the passion of the grove,
" It ill beseems a Cuckow's tongue
" Her charming language to reprove"—
Alas! how much a lover's ear
Hates all the sober truth to hear,
The sober truth of love!

IV.

When hearts are in each other blest'd,
When nought but lofty faith can rule
The nymph's and swain's consenting breast,
How Cuckow-like in Cupid's school,
With store of grave prudential saws
On fortune's power and custom's laws,
Appears each friendly fool!

V.

Yet think betimes, ye gentle train
 Whom love and hope and fancy sway,
 Who every harsher care disdain,
 Who by the morning judge the day,
 Think that, in April's fairest hours,
 To warbling shades and painted flowers
 The Cuckow joins his lay.

O D E IV.

TO THE HONOURABLE
 CHARLES TOWNSHEND,
 IN THE COUNTRY.

M, DCC, L.

I. I.

HOW oft shall I survey [shade,
 This humble roof, the lawn, the greenwood
 The vale with sheaves o'erspread,
 The glassy brook, the flocks which round thee stray?
 When will thy cheerful mind
 Of these have utter'd all her dear esteem?
 Or, tell me, dost thou deem
 No more to join in glory's toilsome race,
 But here content embrace
 That happy leisure which thou had'st resign'd?

I. 2.

Alas! ye happy hours,
 When books and youthful sport the soul could share,
 Ere one ambitious care
 Of civil life had aw'd her simpler powers;
 Oft as your winged train
 Revisit here me friend in white array,
 Oh! fail not to display
 Each fairer scene where I perchance had part,
 That so his generous heart
 The abode of even friendship may remain.

I. 3.

For not imprudent of my loss to come,
 I saw from contemplation's quiet cell
 His feet ascending to another home
 Where public praise and envied greatness dwell.
 But shall we therefore, O my lyre!
 Reprove ambition's best desire?
 Extinguish glory's flame?
 Far other was the task injoin'd
 When to my hand thy strings were first assign'd:
 Far other faith belongs to friendship's honor'd name.

II. 1.

Thee, Townshend, not the arms
 Of slumbering ease, nor pleasure's rosy chain,
 Were destin'd to detain:
 No, nor bright science, nor the Muse's charms.
 For them high heaven prepares
 Their proper votaries, an humbler band:
 And ne'er would Spenser's hand
 Have deign'd to strike the warbling Tuscan shell,
 Nor Harrington to tell
 What habit an immortal city wears,

II. 2.

Had this been born to shield
The cause which Cromwell's impious hand betray'd,
Or that, like Vere, display'd
His redcross banner o'er the Belgian field.

Yet where the will divine
Hath shut those loftiest paths, it next remains,
With reason clad in strains
Of harmony, selected minds to inspire,
And virtue's living fire
To feed and eternize in hearts like thine.

II. 3.

For never shall the herd, whom envy sways,
So quell my purpose or my tongue controul,
That I should fear illustrious worth to praise,
Because its master's friendship mov'd my soul.

Yet, if this undissembling strain
Should now perhaps thine ear detain
With any pleasing sound,
Remember thou that righteous fame
From hoary age a strict account will claim
Of each auspicious palm with which thy youth was
crown'd.

III. I.

Nor obvious is the way
Where heaven expects thee, nor the traveller leads,
Thro' flowers or fragrant meads,
Or groves that hark to Philomela's lay.
The impartial laws of fate
To nobler virtues wed severer cares.

Is there a man who shares
 The summit next where heavenly natures dwell ?
 Ask him (for he can tell)
 What storms beat round that rough laborious height.

III. 2.

Ye heroes, who of old
 Did generous England freedom's throne ordain ;
 From Alfred's parent reign
 To Nassau, great deliverer, wise and bold :
 I know your perils hard,
 Your wounds, your painful marches, wint'ry seas,
 The night estrang'd from ease,
 The day by cowardice and falsehood vex'd,
 The head with doubt perplex'd,
 The indignant heart disdaining the reward

III. 3.

Which envy hardly grants. But, O renown,
 O praise from judging heaven and virtuous men,
 If thus they purchas'd thy divinest crown,
 Say, who shall hesitate ? or who complain ?
 And now they sit on thrones above :
 And when among the gods they move
 Before the sovran mind,
 " Lo ! these," he saith, " lo ! these are they
 " Who to the laws of mine eternal sway
 " From violence and fear asserted human kind."

IV. I.

Thus honour'd while the train
 Of legislators in his presence dwell ;
 If I may aught foretel,
 The statesman shall the second palm obtain.

For dreadful deeds of arms
Let vulgar bards, with undiscerning praise,
More glittering trophies raise :
But wisest heaven what deeds may chiefly move
To favour and to love ?
What, save wide blessings, or averted harms ?

IV. 2.

Nor to the imbattled field
Shall these achievements of the peaceful gown
The green immortal crown
Of valor, or the songs of conquest, yield.
Not Fairfax wildly bold,
While bare of crest he hew'd his fatal way,
Thro' Naseby's firm array,
To heavier dangers did his breast oppose
Than Pym's free virtue chose,
When the proud force of Strafford he controul'd.

IV. 3.

But what is man at enmity with truth ?
What were the fruits of Wentworth's copious mind
When (blighted all the promise of his youth)
The patriot in a tyrant's league had join'd ?
Let Ireland's loud-lamenting plains,
Let Tyne's and Humber's trampled swains,
Let menac'd London tell
How impious guile made wisdom base ;
How generous zeal to cruel rage gave place ;
And how unblest'd he liv'd, and how dishonour'd fell

V. I.

Thence never hath the Muse
Around his tomb Pierian roses flung :
Nor shall one poet's tongue
His name for music's pleasing labour chuse.

And sure, when nature kind
Hath deck'd some favor'd breast above the throng,
That man with grievous wrong
Affronts and wounds his genius, if he bends
To guilt's ignoble ends
The functions of his ill-submitting mind.

V. 2.

For worthy of the wise
Nothing can seem but virtue ; nor earth yield
Their fame an equal field,
Save where impartial freedom gives the prize.
There Somers fix'd his name,
Inroll'd the next to William. there shall Time
To every wondering clime
Point out that Somers, who from faction's croud,
The slanderous and the loud,
Could fair assent and modest reverence claim.

V. 3.

Nor aught did laws or social arts acquire,
Nor this majestic weal of Albion's land
Did aught accomplish, or to aught aspire,
Without his guidance, his superior hand.
And rightly shall the Muse's care
Wreaths like her own for him prepare,
Whose mind's inamor'd aim
Could forms of civil beauty draw
Sublime as ever sage or poet saw,
Yet still to life's rude scene the proud ideas tame.

VI. 1.

Let none profane be near !
The Muse was never foreign to his breast :
On power's grave seat confests'd,
Still to her voice he bent a lover's ear.
And if the blessed know
Their ancient cares, even now the unfading groves,
Where haply Milton roves
With Spenser, hear the enchanted echoes round
Thro' farthest heaven resound
Wise Somers, guardian of their fame below.

VI. 2.

He knew, the patriot knew,
That letters and the Muses powerful art
Exalt the ingenuous heart,
And brighten every form of just and true.
They lend a nobler sway
To civil wisdom, than corruption's lure
Could ever yet procure :
They too from envy's pale malignant light
Conduct her forth to fight
Cloth'd in the fairest colors of the day.

VI. 3.

O Townshend ! thus my Time, the judge severe,
Instruct my happy tongue of thee to tell :
And when I speak of one to freedom dear
For planning wisely and for acting well,
Of one whom glory loves to own,
Who still by liberal means alone
Hath liberal ends pursu'd ;
Then, for the guerdon of my lay,
“ This man with faithful friendship,” will I say,
“ From youth to honor'd age my arts and me hath view'd ”

O D E V.

ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

I.

OF all the springs within the mind
Which prompt her steps in fortune's maze,
From none more pleasing aid we find
Than from the genuine love of praise.

II.

Nor any partial, private end
Such reverence to the public bears;
Nor any passion, virtue's friend,
So like to virtue's self appears.

III.

For who in glory can delight
Without delight in glorious deeds?
What man a charming voice can fling,
Who courts the echo that succeeds?

IV.

But not the echo on the voice
More, than on virtue praise, depends;
To which, of course, its real price
The judgment of the praiser lends.

V.

If praise then with religious awe
 From the sole perfect judge be sought,
 A nobler aim, a purer law,
 Nor priest, nor bard, nor sage hath taught.

VI.

With which in character the same
 Tho' in an humbler sphere it lies,
 I count that soul of human fame,
 The suffrage of the good and wise.

O D E VI.

T O

WILLIAM HALL, ESQUIRE.

WITH THE WORKS OF CHAULIEU.

I.

ATTEND to Chaulieu's wanton lyre;
 While, fluent as the sky-lark sings
 When first the morn allures its wings,
 The epicure his theme pursues:
 And tell me if, among the choir
 Whose music charms the banks of Seine,
 So full, so free, so rich a strain
 E'er dictated the warbling Muse.

II.

Yet, Hall, while thy judicious ear
Admires the well-dissembled art
That can such harmony impart
To the lame pace of Gallic rhymes;
While Wit from affectation clear,
Bright images, and passions true,
Recal to thy assenting view
The envied bards of nobler times;

III.

Say, is not oft his doctrine wrong?
This priest of pleasure, who aspires
To lead us to her sacred fires,
Knows he the ritual of her shrine?
Say (her sweet influence to thy song
So may the goddess still afford)
Doth she consent to be ador'd
With shameless love and frantic wine?

IV.

Nor Cato, nor Chrysippus here
Need we in high indignant phrase
From their Elysian quiet raise;
But pleasure's oracle alone
Consult; attentive, not severe.
O pleasure, we blaspheme not thee;
Nor emulate the rigid knee
Which bends but at the Stoic throne.

V.

We own had fate to man assign'd
Nor sense, nor wish but what obey
Or Venus soft or Bacchus gay,

Then might our bard's voluptuous creed
 Most aptly govern human kind :
 Unless perchance what he hath sung
 Of tortur'd joints and nerves unstrung,
 Some wrangling heretic should plead.

VI.

But now with all these proud desires
 For dauntless truth and honest fame ;
 With that strong master of our frame,
 The inexorable judge within,
 What can be done ? Alas ! ye fires
 Of love ; alas ! ye rosy smiles,
 Ye nectar'd cups from happier foils,
 —Ye have no bribe his grace to win.

O D E VII.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND
 BENJAMIN LORD BISHOP OF
 WINCHESTER.

M, D C C, L I V.

I. I.

FOR toils which patriots have endur'd,
 For treason quell'd and laws secur'd,
 In every nation Time displays
 The palm of honourable praise.

Envy my rail; and faction fierce
 May strive: But what, alas, can those
 (Tho' bold, yet blind and sordid foes)
 To gratitude and love oppose,
 To faithful story and persuasive verse?

I. 2.

O nurse of freedom, Albion, say,
 Thou tamer of despotic sway,
 What man, among thy sons around,
 Thus heir to glory hast thou found?
 What page, in all thy annals bright,
 Hast thou with purer joy survey'd
 Than that where truth, by Hoadly's aid,
 Shines through imposture's solemn shade,
 Through kingly and through sacerdotal night?

I. 3.

To him the Teacher blest'd,
 Who sent religion, from the palmy field
 By Jordan, like the morn to cheer the west,
 And lifted up the veil which heaven from earth conceal'd,
 To Hoadly thus his mandate he address'd:
 "Go thou, and rescue my dishonour'd law
 "From hands rapacious and from tongues impure:
 "Let not my peaceful name be made a lure
 "Fell persecution's mortal snares to aid:
 "Let not my words be impious chains to draw
 "The free-born soul in more than brutal awe,
 "To faith without assent, allegiance unrepaid."

II. I.

No cold or unperforming hand
 Was arm'd by heaven with this command.

The world soon felt it : And, on high,
To William's ear with welcome joy
Did Locke among the blest unfold
The rising hope of Hoadly's name,
Godolphin then confirm'd the fame ;
And Somers, when from earth he came,
And generous Stanhope the fair sequel told.

II. 2.

Then drew the lawgivers around,
(Sires of the Grecian name renown'd)
And listening ask'd, and wondering knew,
What private force could thus subdue
The vulgar and the great combin'd ;
Could war with sacred folly wage ;
Could a whole nation disengage
From the dread bonds of many an age,
And to new habits mould the public mind.

II. 3.

For not a conqueror's sword,
Nor the strong powers to civil founders known,
Were his : But truth by faithful search explor'd,
And social sense, like seed, in genial plenty sown.
Wherever it took root, the soul (restor'd
To freedom) freedom too for others fought.
Not monkish craft the tyrant's claim divine,
Not regal zeal the bigot's cruel shrine
Could longer guard from reason's warfare sage ;
Not the wild rabble to sedition wrought,
Nor synods by the papal Genius taught,
Nor St John's spirit loose, nor Atterbury's rage.

III. 1.

But where shall recompense be found ?
 Or how such arduous merit crown'd ?
 For look on life's laborious scene :
 What rugged spaces lie between
 Adventurous virtue's early toils
 And her triumphal throne ! The shade
 Of death, mean time, does oft invade
 Her progress ; nor, to us display'd,
 Wears the bright heroine her expected spoils.

III. 2.

Yet born to conquer is her power :
 —O Hoadly, if that favourite hour
 On earth arrive, with thankful awe
 We own just heaven's indulgent law,
 And proudly thy success behold ;
 We attend thy reverend length of days
 With benediction and with praise,
 And hail Thee in our public ways
 Like some great spirit fam'd in ages old.

III. 3.

While thus our vows prolong
 Thy steps on earth, and when by us resign'd
 Thou join'st thy seniors, that heroic throng
 Who rescu'd or preserv'd the rights of human kind,
 O ! not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue
 Thee still, her friend and benefactor, name :
 O ! never, Hoadly, in thy country's eyes,
 May impious gold, or pleasure's gaudy prize,

Make public virtue, public freedom, vile;
 Nor our own manners tempt us to disclaim
 That heretage, our noblest wealth and fame,
 Which Thou hast kept intire from force and factions guile.

O D E VIII.

I.

IF rightly tuneful bards decide,
 If it be fix'd in love's decrees,
 That beauty ought not be tried
 But by its native power to please,
 Then tell me, youths and lovers, tell,
 What fair can Amoret excel?

II.

Behold that bright unfullied smile,
 And wisdom speaking in her mien:
 Yet (she so artless all the while,
 So little studious to be seen)
 We nought but instant gladness know,
 Nor think to whom the gift we owe.

III.

But neither music, nor the powers
 Of youth and mirth and frolic cheer,
 Add half that sunshine to the hours,
 Or make life's prospect half so clear,
 As memory brings it to the eye
 From scenes where Amoret was by.

IV.

Yet not a satirist could there
 Or fault or indiscretion find ;
 Nor any prouder sage declare
 One virtue, pictur'd in his mind,
 Whose form with lovelier colours glows
 Than Amoret's demeanor shows.

V.

This sure is beauty's happiest part :
 This gives the most unbounded sway :
 This shall inchant the subject heart
 When rose and lily fade away ;
 And she be still, in spite of time,
 Sweet Amoret in all her prime.

O D E IX.

A T S T U D Y.

I.

WHITHER did my fancy stray ?
 By what magic drawn away
 Have I left my studious theme ?
 From this philosophic page,
 From the problems of the sage,
 Wandering thro' a pleasing dream ?

II.

'Tis in vain, alas! I find,
Much in vain, my zealous mind
Would to learned wisdom's throne
Dedicate each thoughtful hour :
Nature bids a softer power
Claim some minutes for his own.

III.

Let the busy or the wise
View him with contemptuous eyes ;
Love is native to the heart :
Guide its wishes as you will ;
Without Love you'll find it still
Void in one essential part.

IV.

Me though no peculiar fair
Touches with a lover's care ;
Though the pride of my desire
Asks immortal friendship's name,
Asks the palm of honest fame,
And the old heroic lyre ;

V.

Though the day have smoothly gone,
Or to letter'd leisure known,
Or in social duty spent ;
Yet at eve my lonely breast
Seeks in vain for perfect rest ;
Languishes for true content.

O D E X.

T O

THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQUIRE:

ON THE LATE EDITION OF

M R P O P E ' s W O R K S.

M, D C C, L I.

I.

BELIEVE me, Edwards, to restrain
The licence of a railer's tongue
Is what but seldom men obtain
By sense or wit, by prose or song :
A task for more Herculean powers,
Nor suited to the sacred hours
Of leisure in the Muse's bowers.

II.

In bowers where laurel weds with palm,
The Muse, the blameless queen, resides :
Fair fame attends, and wisdom calm
Her eloquence harmonious guides :
While shut for ever from her gate,
Oft trying, still repining, wait
Fierce envy and calumnious hate.

III.

Who then from her delightful bounds
Would step one moment forth to heed
What impotent and savage sounds
From their unhappy mouths proceed ?
No : Rather Spenser's lyre again
Prepare, and let thy pious strain
For Pope's dishonour'd shade complain.

IV.

Tell how displeas'd was every bard,
When lately in the Elysian grove
They of his Muse's guardian heard,
His delegate to fame above ;
And what with one accord they said
Of wit in drooping age miss'd,
And Warburton's officious aid :

V.

How Virgil mourn'd the fordid fate
To that melodious lyre assign'd
Beneath a tutor who so late
With Midas and his rout combin'd
By spiteful clamor to confound
That very lyre's enchanting sound,
Though listening realms admir'd around :

VI.

How Horace own'd he thought the fire
Of his friend Pope's satiric line
Did farther fuel scarce require
From such a militant divine :

How Milton scorn'd the sophist vain
Who durst approach his hallow'd strain
With unwash'd hands and lips profane.

VII.

Then Shakespeare debonnair and mild
Brought that strange comment forth to view;
Conceits more deep, he said and smil'd,
Than his own fools or madmen knew :
But thank'd a generous friend above,
Who did with free-adventurous love
Such pageants from his tomb remove.

VIII.

And if to Pope, in equal need,
The same kind office thou would'st pay,
Then, Edwards, all the band decreed
That future bards with frequent lay
Should call on thy auspicious name,
From each absurd intruder's claim
To keep inviolate their fame.

O D E XI.

T O T H E
C O U N T R Y - G E N T L E M E N
O F E N G L A N D.

M, D C C, L V I I I.

I.

WHITHER is Europe's ancient spirit fled ?
Where are those valiant tenants of her shore,
Who from the warrior bow the strong dart sped,
Or with firm hand the rapid pole-ax bore ?
Freeman and soldier was their common name.
Who late with reapers to the furrow came,
Now in the front of battle charg'd the foe :
Who taught the steer the wint'ry plough to indure,
Now in full councils check'd incroaching power,
And gave the guardian laws their majesty to know.

II.

But who are ye ? from Ebro's loitering sons
To Tiber's pageants, to the sports of Seine ;
From Rhine's frail palaces to Danube's thrones
And cities looking on the Cimbric main,
Ye lost, ye self-deserted ? whose proud lords
Have baffled your tame hands, and given your swords

To slavish ruffians, hir'd for their command :
These, at some greedy monk's or harlot's nod,
See rifled nations crouch beneath their rod :
These are the public will, the reason of the land.

III.

'Thou, heedless Albion, what, alas, the while
Dost thou presume ? O inexpert in arms,
Yet vain of freedom, how dost thou beguile,
With dreams of hope, these near and loud alarms ?
Thy splendid home, thy plan of laws renown'd,
The praise and envy of the nations round,
What care hast thou to guard from fortune's sway ?
Amid the storms of war, how soon may all
The lofty pile from its foundations fall,
Of ages the proud toil, the ruin of a day !

IV.

No : Thou art rich, thy streams and fertile vales
Add industry's wise gifts to nature's store :
And every port is crouded with thy sails,
And every wave throws treasure on thy shore.
What boots it ? If luxurious plenty charm
Thy selfish heart from glory, if thy arm
Shrink at the frowns of danger and of pain,
Those gifts, that treasure is no longer thine.
Oh rather far be poor. Thy gold will shine
Tempting the eye of force, and deck thee to thy bane.

V.

But what hath force or war to do with thee ?
Girt by the azure tide and thron'd sublime

Amid thy floating bulwarks, thou canst see,
With scorn, the fury of each hostile clime
Dash'd ere it reach thee. Sacred from the foe
Are thy fair fields. athwart thy guardian prow
No bold invader's foot shall tempt the strand—
Yet say, my country, will the waves and wind
Obey thee? Hast thou all thy hopes resign'd
To the sky's fickle faith? the pilot's wavering hand?

VI.

For oh may neither fear nor stronger love
(Love, by thy virtuous princes nobly won)
Thee, last of many wretched nations, move,
With mighty armies station'd round the throne
To trust thy safety. Then, farewell the claims
Of freedom! Her proud records to the flames
Then bear, an offering at ambition's shrine;
Whate'er thy ancient patriots dar'd demand
From furious John's, or faithless Charles's hand,
Or what great William seal'd for his adopted line.

VII.

But if thy sons be worthy of their name,
If liberal laws with liberal hearts they prize,
Let them from conquest, and from servile shame
In war's glad school their own protectors rise.
Ye chiefly, heirs of Albion's cultur'd plains,
Ye leaders of her bold and faithful swains,
Now not unequal to your birth be found:
The public voice bids arm your rural state,
Paternal hamlets for your ensigns wait,
And grange and fold prepare to pour their youth around.

VIII.

Why are ye tardy ? what inglorious care
Detains you from their head, your native post ?
Who most their country's fame and fortune share,
'Tis theirs to share her toils, her perils most.
Each man his task in social life sustains.
With partial labours, with domestic gains
Let others dwell : To you indulgent heaven
By counsel and by arms the public cause
To serve for public love and love's applause,
The first employment far, the noblest hire, hath given.

IX.

Have ye not heard of Lacedæmon's fame ?
Of Attic chiefs in freedom's war divine ?
Of Rome's dread generals ? the Valerian name ?
The Fabian sons ? the Scipios' matchless line ?
Your lot was theirs. the farmer and the swain
Met his lov'd patron's summons from the plain ;
The legions gather'd ; the bright eagles flew :
Barbarian monarchs in the triumph mourn'd ;
The conquerors to their household gods return'd,
And fed Calabrian flocks, and steer'd the Sabine plough.

X.

Shall then this glory of the antique age,
This pride of men, be lost among mankind ?
Shall war's heroic arts no more engage
The unbought hand, the unsubjected mind ?
Doth valour to the race no more belong ?
No more with scorn of violence and wrong

Doth forming Nature now her sons inspire,
That, like some mystery to few reveal'd,
The skill of arms abash'd and aw'd they yield,
And from their own defence with hopeless hearts retire?

XI.

O shame to human life, to human laws!
The loose adventurer, hireling of a day,
Who his fell sword without affection draws,
Whose God, whose country, is a tyrant's pay,
This man the lessons of the field can learn;
Can every palm, which decks a warrior, earn,
And every pledge of conquest: While in vain,
To guard your altars, your paternal lands,
Are social arms held out to your free hands:
Too arduous is the lore; too irksome were the pain.

XII.

Mean-time by pleasure's lying tales allur'd,
From the bright sun and living breeze ye stray;
And deep in London's gloomy haunts immur'd,
Brood o'er your fortune's, freedom's, health's decay.
O blind of choice and to yourselves untrue!
The young grove shoots, their bloom the fields renew
The mansion asks its lord, the swains their friend;
While he doth riot's orgies haply share,
Or tempt the gamester's dark, destroying snare,
Or at some courtly shrine with slavish incense bend.

XIII.

And yet full oft your anxious tongues complain
That lawless tumult prompts the rustic throng;

That the rude village-inmates now disdain
Those homely ties which rul'd their fathers long.
Alas ! your fathers did by other arts
Draw those kind ties around their simple hearts,
And led in other paths their ductile will ;
By succour, faithful counsel, courteous cheer,
Won them the ancient manners to revere,
To prize their country's peace and heaven's due rites
fulfil.

XIV.

But mark the judgment of experienc'd Time,
Tutor of nations. Doth light discord tear
A state ? and impotent sedition's crime ?
The powers of warlike prudence dwell not there ;
The powers who to command and to obey,
Instruct the valiant. There would civil sway
The rising race to manly concord tame ?
Oft let the marshal'd field their steps unite,
And in glad splendor bring before their fight
One common cause and one hereditary fame.

XV.

Nor yet be aw'd, not yet your task disown,
Tho' war's proud votaries look on severe ;
Tho' secrets, taught erewhile to them alone,
'They deem profan'd by your intruding ear.
Let them in vain, your martial hope to quell,
Of new refinements, fiercer weapons tell,
And mock the old simplicity, in vain :
To the time's warfare, simple or refin'd,
The time itself adapts the warrior's mind ;
And equal prowess still shall equal palms obtain.

XVI.

Say then ; if England's youth, in earlier days,
On glory's field with well-train'd armies vy'd,
Why shall they now renounce that generous praise ?
Why dread the foreign mercenary's pride ?
Tho' Valois brav'd young Edward's gentle hand,
And Albert rush'd on Henry's way-worn band,
With Europe's chosen sons in arms renown'd,
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's squires nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd :
They saw their standard fall, and left their monarch
bound.

XVII.

Such were the laurels which your fathers won ;
Such glory's dictates in their dauntless breast :
—Is there no voice that speaks to every son ?
No nobler, holier call to You address'd ?
O ! by majestic freedom, righteous laws,
By heavenly truth's, by manly reason's cause,
Awake ; attend ; be indolent no more :
By friendship, social peace, domestic love,
Rise ; arm ; your country's living safety prove ;
And train her valiant youth, and watch around her shore,

O D E XII.

ON RECOVERING
FROM A FIT OF SICKNESS,
IN THE COUNTRY.

M, DCC, LVIII.

I.

THY verdant scenes, O Goulder's hill,
Once more I seek, a languid guest :
With throbbing temples and with burden'd breast
Once more I climb thy steep aerial way.
O faithful cure of oft-returning ill,
Now call thy sprightly breezes round,
Dissolve this rigid cough profound,
And bid the springs of life with gentler movement play.

II.

How gladly 'mid the dews of dawn
By weary lungs thy healing gale,
The balmy West, or the fresh North, inhale !
How gladly, while my musing footsteps rove
Round the cool orchard or the sunny lawn,
Awak'd I stop, and look to find
What shrub perfumes the pleasant wind,
Or what wild songster charms the Dryads of the grove.

III.

Now, ere the morning walk is done,
The distant voice of health I hear
Welcome as beauty's to the lover's ear.
" Droop not, nor doubt of my return," she cries;
" Here will I, 'mid the radiant calm of noon,
" Meet thee beneath yon chesnut bower,
" And lenient on thy bosom pour
" That indolence divine which lulls the earth and skies."

IV.

The goddess promis'd not in vain.
I found her at my favorite time.
Nor wish'd to breathe in any softer clime,
While (half-reclin'd, half-slumbering as I lay)
She hover'd o'er me. Then, among her train
Of nymphs and zephyrs, to my view
Thy gracious form appear'd anew,
Then first, O heavenly Muse, unseen for many a day.

V.

In that soft pomp the tuneful maid
Shone like the golden star of love.
I saw her hand in careless measures move:
I heard sweet preludes dancing on her lyre,
While my whole frame the sacred sound obey'd.
New sunshine o'er my fancy springs,
New colours clothe external things,
And the last glooms of pain and sickly plaint retire.

M

VI.

O Goulder's hill, by thee restor'd
 Once more to this enliven'd hand,
 My harp, which late resounded o'er the land
 The voice of glory, solemn and severe,
 My Dorian harp shall now with mild accord
 To thee her joyful tribute pay,
 And send a less-ambitious lay
 Of friendship and of love to greet thy master's ear.

VII.

For when within thy shady seat
 First from the sultry town he chose,
 And the tir'd senate's cares, his wish'd repose,
 Then wast thou mine; to me a happier home
 For social leisure: Where my welcome feet,
 Estrang'd from all th' intangling ways
 In which the restless vulgar strays,
 Thro' Nature's simple paths with ancient faith might
 roam.

VIII.

And while around his sylvan scene
 My Dyson led the white-wing'd hours,
 Oft from the Athenian Academic bowers
 Their sages came: Oft heard our lingering walk
 The Mantuan music warbling o'er the green:
 And oft did Tully's reverend shade,
 Tho' much for liberty afraid,
 With us of letter'd ease or virtuous glory talk.

IX.

But other guests were on their way,
And reach'd ere long this favor'd grove ;
Even the celestial progeny of Jove,
Bright Venus, with her all-subduing son,
Whose golden shaft most willingly obey
The best and wisest. As they came,
Glad Hymen wav'd his genial flame,
And sang their happy gifts, and prais'd their spotless
throne.

X.

I saw when thro' yon festive gate
He led along his chosen maid,
And to my friend with smiles presenting said ;
“ Receive that fairest wealth which heaven assign'd
“ To human fortune. Did thy lonely state
“ One wish, one utmost hope confess ?
“ Behold, she comes, to adorn and bless :
“ Comes, worthy of thy heart, and equal to thy mind.”

O D E XIII.

TO THE

AUTHOR of MEMOIRS

OF THE

HOUSE of BRANDENBURGH:

M, DCC, LL.

I.

THE men renown'd as chiefs of human race,
And born to lead in counfels or in arms,
Have feldom turn'd their feet from glory's chace
To dwell with books or court the Muse's charms.
Yet, to our eyes if haply time hath brought
Some genuine transcript of their calmer thought,
'There still we own the wise, the great, or good;
And Cæsar there and Xenophon are seen,
As clear in spirit and sublime of mien,
As on Pharfalian plains, or by the Affyrian flood.

II.

Say thou too, Frederic, was not this thy aim?
 Thy vigils could the student's lamp engage,
 Except for this? except that future fame
 Might read thy genius in the faithful page?
 That if hereafter envy shall presume
 With words irreverent to inscribe thy tomb,
 And baser weeds upon thy palms to fling,
 That hence posterity may try thy reign,
 Assert thy treaties, and thy wars explain,
 And view in native lights the hero and the king.

III.

O evil foresight and pernicious care!
 Wilt thou indeed abide by this appeal?
 Shall we the lessons of thy pen compare
 With private honor or with public zeal?
 Whence then at things divine those darts of scorn?
 Why are the woes, which virtuous men have borne
 For sacred truth, a prey to laughter given?
 What fiend, what foe of Nature urg'd thy arm
 The Almighty of his sceptre to disarm?
 To push this earth adrift and leave it loose from heaven?

IV.

Ye godlike shades of legislators old,
 Ye who made Rome victorious, Athens wise,
 Ye first of mortals with the bless'd inroll'd,
 Say did not horror in your bosoms rise,

When thus by impious vanity impell'd
 A magistrate, a monarch, ye beheld
 Affronting civil order's holiest bands?
 Those bands which ye so labor'd to improve?
 Those hopes and fears of justice from above,
 Which tam'd the savage world to your divine commands?

O D E XIV.

THE COMPLAINT.

I.

AWAY! Away!
 Tempt me no more, insidious love:
 Thy soothing sway
 Long did my youthful bosom prove:
 At length thy treason is discern'd,
 At length some dear-bought caution earn'd:
 Away! nor hope my riper age to move.

II.

I know, I see
 Her merit. Needs it now be shewn,
 Alas, to me?
 How often, to myself unknown,
 The graceful, gentle, virtuous maid
 Have I admir'd! How often said,
 What joy to call a heart like her's one's own!

III.

But, flattering god,
 O squanderer of content and ease,
 In thy abode
 Will care's rude lesson learn to please?
 O say, deceiver, hast thou won,
 Proud fortune to attend thy throne,
 Or plac'd thy friends above her stern decrees?

O D E XV.

ON DOMESTIC MANNERS.

[U N F I N I S H E D.]

I.

MEEK honor, female shame,
 O! whither, sweetest offspring of the sky,
 From Albion dost thou fly;
 Of Albion's daughters once the favorite fame?
 O beauty's only friend,
 Who giv'st her pleasing reverence to inspire;
 Who selfish, bold desire
 Dost to esteem and dear affection turn;
 Alas, of thee forlorn
 What joy, what praise, what hope can life pretend?

II.

Behold! our youths in vain
 Concerning nuptial happiness inquire:
 Our maids no more aspire
 The arts of bashful Hymen to attain;

But with triumphant eyes
 And cheeks impassive, as they move along,
 Ask homage of the throng.
 The lover swears that in a harlot's arms
 Are found the self-same charms,
 And worthless and deserted lives and dies.

III.

Behold ! unblest'd at home,
 The father of the cheerless household mourns :
 The night in vain returns,
 For love and glad content at distance roam ;
 While she, in whom his mind
 Seeks refuge from the day's dull task of cares,
 To meet him she prepares,
 Thro' noise and spleen and all the gamester's art,
 A listless, harraß'd heart,
 Where not one tender thought can welcome find.

IV.

'Twas thus, along the shore
 Of Thames, Britannia's guardian Genius heard,
 From many a tongue prefer'd,
 Of strife and grief the fond invective lore :
 At which the queen divine
 Indignant, with her adamantine spear
 Like thunder founding near,
 Smote the red cross upon her silver shield,
 And thus her wrath reveal'd.
 (I watch'd her awful words and made them mine.)



E N D of the S E C O N D B O O K.

H Y M N

T O T H E

N A I A D S.

M, DCC, XLVI.

A R G U M E N T.

T H E Nymphs, who preside over springs and rivulets, are addressed at day-break, in honour of their several functions, and of the relations which they bear to the natural and to the moral world. Their origin is deduced from the first allegorical deities, or powers of nature ; according to the doctrine of the old mythological poets, concerning the generation of the gods and the rise of things. They are then successively considered, as giving motion to the air and exciting Summer-breezes ; as nourishing and beautifying the vegetable creation ; as contributing to the fulness of navigable rivers, and consequently to the maintenance of commerce ; and by that means, to the maritime part of military power. Next is represented their favourable influence upon health, when assisted by rural exercise ; which introduces their connection with the art of physic, and the happy effects of mineral medicinal springs. Lastly, they are celebrated for the friendship which the Muses bear them, and for the true inspiration which temperance only can receive ; in opposition to the enthusiasm of the more licentious poets.

H Y M N

T O T H E

N A I A D S.

O'ER yonder eastern hill the twilight pale
 Walks forth from darkness; and the God of day,
 With bright Astræa seated by his side,
 Waits yet to leave the ocean. Tarry, Nymphs,
 Ye Nymphs, ye blue-eyed progeny of Thames,
 Who now the mazes of this rugged heath
 Trace with your fleeting steps; who all night long
 Repeat, amid the cool and tranquil air,
 Your lonely murmurs, tarry; and receive
 My offer'd lay. To pay you homage due,
 I leave the gates of sleep; nor shall my lyre
 Too far into the splendid hours of morn
 Engage your audience: My observant hand
 Shall close the strain ere any sultry beam
 Approach you. To your subterranean haunts
 Ye then may timely steal; to pace with care
 The humid sands; to loosen from the soil
 The bubbling sources; to direct the rills
 To meet in wider channels; or beneath
 Some grotto's dripping arch, at height of noon
 To slumber, shelter'd from the burning heaven.

Where shall my song begin, ye Nymphs ? or end ?
 Wide is your praise and copious—First of things,
 First of the lonely powers, ere Time arose,
 Were Love and Chaos. Love, the sire of Fate ;
 Elder than Chaos. Born of Fate was Time,
 Who many sons and many comely births
 Devour'd, relentless father : 'Till the child
 Of Rhea drove him from the upper sky,
 And quell'd his deadly might. Then social reign'd
 The kindred powers, Tethys, and reverend Ops,
 And spotless Vesta ; while supreme of sway
 Remain'd the cloud-compeller. From the couch
 Of Tethys sprang the sedgy-crowned race,
 Who from a thousand urns, o'er every clime,
 Send tribute to their parent ; and from them
 Are ye, O Naiads : Arethusa fair,
 And tuneful Aganippe ; that sweet name,
 Bandusia ; that soft family which dwelt
 With Syrian Daphne ; and the honor'd tribes
 Belov'd of Pæon. Listen to my strain,
 Daughters of Tethys : Listen to your praise.

You, Nymphs, the winged offspring, which of old
 Aurora to divine Astræus bore,
 Owns ; and your aid beseecheth. When the might
 Of Hyperion, from his noontide throne,
 Unbends their languid pinions, aid from you
 They ask : Favonius and the mild South-west
 From you relief implore. Your fallying streams
 Fresh vigour to their weary wings impart.
 Again they fly, disporting ; from the mead
 Half ripen'd and the tender blades of corn,
 To sweep the noxious mildew ; or dispel

Contagious steams, which oft the parched earth
 Breathes on her fainting sons. From noon to eve,
 Along the river and the paved brook,
 Ascend the cheerful breezes : Hail'd of bards
 Who, fast by learned Cam, the Æolian lyre
 Sollicit ; nor unwelcome to the youth
 Who on the heights of Tibur, all inclin'd
 O'er rushing Anio, with a pious hand
 The reverend scene delineates, broken fanes,
 Or tombs, or pillar'd aqueducts, the pomp
 Of ancient Time ; and haply, while he scans
 The ruins, with a silent tear revolves
 The fame and fortune of imperious Rome.

You too, O Nymphs, and your unenvious aid
 The rural powers confess ; and still prepare
 For you their choicest treasures. Pan commands,
 Oft as the Delian king with Sirius holds
 The central heavens, the father of the grove
 Commands his Dryads over your abodes
 To spread their deepest umbrage. Well the god
 Remembereth how indulgent ye supplied
 Your genial dew to nurse them in their prime.

Pales, the pasture's queen, where'er ye stray,
 Pursues your steps, delighted ; and the path
 With living verdure clothes. Around your haunts
 The laughing Chloris, with profusest hand,
 Throws wide her blooms, her odors. Still with you
 Pomona seeks to dwell : And o'er the lawns,
 And o'er the vale of Richmond, where with Thames
 Ye love to wander, Amalthea pours
 Well-pleas'd the wealth of that Ammonian horn,
 Her dower ; unmindful of the fragrant isles

Nysæan or Atlantic. Nor can'st thou,
(Albeit oft, ungrateful, thou dost mock
The beverage of the sober Naiad's urn,
O Bromius, O Lenæan) nor can'st thou
Disown the powers whose bounty, ill repaid,
With nectar feeds thy tendrils. Yet from me,
Yet, blameless Nymphs, from my delighted lyre,
Accept the rites your bounty well may claim;
Nor heed the scoffings of the Edonian band.

For better praise awaits you. Thames, your sire,
As down the verdant slope your duteous rills
Descend, the tribute stately Thames receives,
Delighted; and your piety applauds;
And bids his copious tide roll on secure,
For faithful are his daughters; and with words
Auspicious gratulates the bark which, now
His banks forsaking, her adventurous wings
Yields to the breeze, with Albion's happy gifts
Extremest isles to bless. And oft at morn,
When Hermes, from Olympus bent o'er earth
To bear the words of Jove, on yonder hill
Stoops lightly-failing; oft intent your springs
He views: And waving o'er some new-born stream
His blest pacific wand, "And yet," he cries,
"Yet," cries the son of Maia, "tho' recluse
"And silent be your stores, from you, fair Nymphs,
"Flows wealth and kind society to men.
"By you my function and my honour'd name
"Do I possess; while o'er the Bœtic vale,
"Or thro' the towers of Memphis, or the palms
"By sacred Ganges water'd, I conduct
"The English merchant: With the buxom fleece

“ Of fertile Ariconium while I clothe
“ Sarmatian kings ; or to the household gods
“ Of Syria, from the bleak Cornubian shore,
“ Dispense the mineral treasure which of old
“ Sidonian pilots fought, when this fair land
“ Was yet unconscious of those generous arts
“ Which wise Phœnicia from their native clime
“ Transplanted to a more indulgent heaven.”

Such are the words of Hermes : Such the praise,
O Naiads, which from tongues celestial waits
Your bounteous deeds. From bounty issueth power
And those who, sedulous in prudent works,
Relieve the wants of nature, Jove repays
With noble wealth, and his own seat on earth,
Fit judgments to pronounce, and curb the might
Of wicked men. Your kind unfailing urns
Not vainly to the hospitable arts
Of Hermes yield their store. For, O ye Nymphs!
Hath he not won the unconquerable queen
Of arms to court your friendship ? You she owns
The fair associates who extend her sway
Wide o’er the mighty deep ; and grateful things
Of you she uttereth, oft as from the shore
Of Thames, or Medway’s vale, or the green banks
Of Vecta, she her thundering navy leads
To Calpe’s foaming channel, or the rough
Cantabrian surge ; her auspices divine
Imparting to the senate and the prince
Of Albion, to dismay barbaric kings,
The Iberian, or the Celt. The pride of kings
Was ever scorn’d by Pallas : And of old
Rejoic’d the virgin, from the brazen prow
Of Athens o’er Ægina’s gloomy surge,

To drive her clouds and storms ; o'erwhelming all
The Persian's promis'd glory, when the realms
Of Indus and the soft Ionian clime,
When Libya's torrid champain and the rocks
Of cold Imaus join'd their servile bands,
To sweep the sons of liberty from earth.
In vain : Minerva on the bounding prow
Of Athens stood, and with the thunder's voice
Denounc'd her terrors on their impious heads,
And shook her burning ægis. Xerxes saw :
From Heracleum, on the mountain's height
Thron'd in his golden car, he knew the sign
Celestial ; felt unrighteous hope forsake
His faltering heart, and turn'd his face with shame.

Hail, ye who share the stern Minerva's power ;
Who arm the hand of liberty for war :
And give to the renown'd Britannic name
To awe contending monarchs : Yet benign,
Yet mild of nature : To the works of peace
More prone, and lenient of the many ills
Which wait on human life. Your gentle aid
Hygeia well can witness ; she who saves,
From poisonous cates and cups of pleasing bane,
The wretch devoted to the intangling snares
Of Bacchus and of Comus. Him she leads
To Cynthia's lonely haunts. To spread the toils,
To beat the coverts, with the jovial horn
At dawn of day to summon the loud hounds,
She calls the lingering sluggard from his dreams :
And where his breast may drink the mountain breeze,
And where the fervor of the sunny vale
May beat upon his brow, through devious paths

Beckens his rapid courser. Nor when ease,
Cool ease and welcome slumbers have becalm'd
His eager bosom, does the queen of health
Her pleasing care with-hold. His decent board
She guards, presiding; and the frugal powers
With joy sedate leads in: And while the brown
Ennæan dame with Pan presents her stores;
While changing still, and comely in the change,
Vertumnus and the Hours before him spread
The garden's banquet; you to crown his feast,
To crown his feast, O Naiads, you the fair
Hygeia calls: And from your shelving seats,
And groves of poplar, plenteous cups ye bring,
To flake his veins: 'Till soon a purer tide
Flows down those loaded channels; washeth off
The dregs of luxury, the lurking seeds
Of crude disease; and through the abodes of life
Sends vigour, sends repose. Hail, Naiads: Hail,
Who give, to labour, health; to stooping age,
The joys which youth had squander'd. Oft your urns
Will I invoke; and frequent in your praise,
Abash the frantic Thyrsus with my song.

For not estrang'd from your benignant arts
Is he, the god, to whose mysterious shrine
My youth was sacred, and my votive cares
Belong; the learned Pæon. Oft when all
His cordial treasures he hath search'd in vain;
When herbs, and potent trees, and drops of balm
Rich with the genial influence of the sun,
(To rouse dark fancy from her plaintive dreams,
To brace the nerveless arm, with food to win
Sick appetite, or hush the unquiet breast

Which pines with silent passion) he in vain
Hath prov'd ; to your deep mansions he descends.
Your gates of humid rock, your dim arcades,
He entereth ; where impurpled veins of ore
Gleam on the roof ; where through the rigid mine
Your trickling rills insinuate. There the god
From your indulgent hands the streaming bowl
Wafts to his pale-ey'd suppliants ; wafts the seeds
Metallic and the elemental salts
Wash'd from the pregnant glebe. They drink : And soon
Flies pain ; flies inauspicious care : And soon
The social haunt or unfrequented shade
Hears Io, Io Pæan ; as of old,
When Python fell. And, O propitious Nymphs,
Oft as for hapless mortals I implore
Your salutary springs, through every urn
Oh shed your healing treasures. With the first
And finest breath, which from the genial strife
Of mineral fermentation springs, like light
O'er the fresh morning's vapours, lustrate then
The fountain, and inform the rising wave.

My lyre shall pay your bounty. Scorn not ye
That humble tribute. Tho' a mortal hand
Excite the strings to utterance, yet for themes
Not unregarded of celestial powers,
I frame their language ; and the Muses deign
To guide the pious tenor of my lay.
The Muses (sacred by their gifts divine)
In early days did to my wondering sense
Their secrets oft reveal : Oft my rais'd ear
In slumber felt their music : Oft at noon
Or hour of sunset, by some lonely stream,

In field or shady grove, they taught me words
 Of power from death and envy to preserve
 The good man's name. whence yet with grateful mind,
 And offerings unprofan'd by ruder eye,
 My vows I send, my homage, to the seats
 Of rocky Cirrha, where with you they dwell:
 Where you their chaste companions they admit
 Through all the hallow'd scene: Where oft intent,
 And leaning o'er Castalia's mossy verge,
 They mark the cadence of your confluent urns,
 How tuneful, yielding gratefulest repose
 To their consoled measure: 'Till again,
 With emulation all the sounding choir,
 And bright Apollo, leader of the song,
 Their voices through the liquid air exalt,
 And sweep their lofty strings: Those powerful strings
 That charm the mind of gods: That fill the courts
 Of wide Olympus with oblivion sweet
 Of evils, with immortal rest from cares;
 Assuage the terrors of the throne of Jove;
 And quench the formidable thunderbolt
 Of unrelenting fire. With slacken'd wings,
 While now the solemn concert breathes around,
 Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his lord
 Sleeps the stern eagle; by the number'd notes,
 Possess'd; and satiate with the melting tone:
 Sovereign of birds. The furious god of war,
 His darts forgetting, and the winged wheels
 That bear him vengeful o'er the embattled plain,
 Relents, and soothes his own fierce heart to ease,
 Most welcome ease. The sire of gods and men,
 In that great moment of divine delight,

Looks down on all that live ; and whatsoe'er
 He loves not, o'er the peopled earth, and o'er
 The interminated ocean, he beholds
 Curs'd with abhorrence by his doom severe,
 And troubled at the sound. Ye, Naiads, ye
 With ravish'd ears the melody attend
 Worthy of sacred silence. But the slaves
 Of Bacchus with tempestuous clamours strive
 To drown the heavenly strains ; of highest Jove,
 Irreverent ; and by mad presumption fir'd
 Their own discordant raptures to advance
 With hostile emulation. Down they rush
 From Nyssa's vine-impurpled cliff, the dames
 Of Thrace, the Satyrs, and the unruly Fauns,
 With old Silenus, reeling through the crowd
 Which gambols round him, in convulsions wild
 Tossing their limbs, and brandishing in air
 The ivy-mantled thyrsus, or the torch
 Thro' black smoke flaming, to the Phrygian pipe's
 Shrill voice, and to the clashing cymbals, mix'd
 With shrieks and frantic uproar. May the gods
 From every unpolluted ear avert
 Their orgies ! If within the seats of men,
 Within the walls, the gates, where Pallas holds
 The guardian key, if haply there be found
 Who loves to mingle with the revel-band
 And hearken to their accents ; who aspires
 From such instructors to inform his breast
 With verse ; let him, fit votarist, implore
 Their inspiration. He perchance the gifts
 Of young Lyæus, and the dread exploits,
 May sing in aptest numbers : He the fate

Of sober Pentheus, he the Paphian rites,
And naked Mars with Cytherea chain'd,
And strong Alcides in the spinster's robes,
May celebrate, applauded. But with you,
O Naiads, far from that unhallow'd rout,
Must dwell the man whose to praised themes
Invokes the immortal Muse. the immortal Muse
To your calm habitations, to the cave
Corycian or the Delphic mount, will guide
His footsteps; and with your unfullied streams
His lips will bathe: Whether the eternal lore
Of Themis, or the majesty of Jove,
To mortals he reveal; or teach his lyre
The unenvied guerdon of the patriot's toils,
In those unfading islands of the blest'd,
Where sacred bards abide. Hail, honor'd Nymphs!
Thrice hail! for you the Cyrenaic shell
Behold, I touch, revering. To my songs
Be present ye with favorable feet,
And all profaner audience far remove.

INSCRIPTIONS.

N. 4

ИСТОРИЯ

INSCRIPTIONS.

I.

FOR A GROTTO.

TO me, whom in their lays the shepherds call
 Actæa, daughter of the neighbouring stream,
 This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
 Which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot,
 Were plac'd by Glycon. He with cowslips pale,
 Primrose, and purple lychnis, deck'd the green
 Before my threshold, and my shelving walls
 With honeysuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
 Lull'd by the murmur of my rising fount,
 I slumber : Here my clustering fruits I tend :
 Or from the humid flowers, at break of day,
 Fresh garlands weave, and chace from all my bounds
 Each thing impure or noxious. Enter in,
 O stranger, undismay'd. nor bat, nor toad
 Here lurks : And if thy breast of blameless thoughts
 Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread
 My quiet mansion : Chiefly, if thy name
 Wise Pallas and the immortal muses own.

II.

F O R

A S T A T U E O F C H A U C E R

A T W O O D S T O C K.

SUCH was old Chaucer. such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. these ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life: 'Thro' each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying. Tho' perchance
From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold
To him, this other hero; who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

III.

WHOE'ER thou art whose path in summer lies
Thro' yonder village, turn thee where the grove
Of branching oaks a rural palace old
Imbosoms. there dwells Albert, generous lord
Of all the harvest round. and onward thence
A low plain chapel fronts the morning light
Fast by a silent riv'let. Humbly walk,
O stranger, o'er the consecrated ground;
And on that verdant hillock, which thou see'st
Beset with osiers, let thy pious hand
Sprinkle fresh water from the brook, and strew
Sweet-smelling flowers. for there doth Edmund rest,
The learned shepherd; for each rural art
Fam'd, and for songs harmonious, and the woes
Of ill-requited love. The faithless pride
Of fair Matilda sank him to the grave
In manhood's prime. But soon did righteous heaven
With tears, with sharp remorse, and pining care,
Avenge her falsehood. nor could all the gold
And nuptial pomp, which lur'd her plighted faith
From Edmund to a loftier husband's home,
Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aside
The strokes of death. Go, traveller; relate
The mournful story. haply some fair maid
May hold it in remembrance, and be taught
That riches cannot pay for truth or love.

IV.

O YOUTHS and virgins : O declining eld :
O pale misfortune's slaves : O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble quiet ; ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings :
O sons of sport and pleasure : O thou wretch
That weep'st for jealous love, or the fore wounds
Of conscious guilt, or death's rapacious hand
Which left thee void of hope : O ye who roam
In exile ; ye who thro' the embattled field
Seek bright renown ; or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cause ;
Approach : Behold this marble. Know ye not
The features ? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your own estate,
The secrets of your bosom ? Here then, round
His monument with reverence while ye stand,
Say to each other : " This was Shakespeare's form ;
" Who walk'd in every path of human life,
" Felt every passion ; and to all mankind
" Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
" Which his own genius only could acquire."

V.

GVLIELMVS III. FORTIS, PIVS, LIBERATOR,
 CVM INEVNTE AETATE PATRIAE LABENTI
 ADFVISSET SALVS IPSE VNICA; CVM MOX
 ITIDEM REIPVBLICAE BRITANNICAE VIN-
 DEX RENVNCIATVS ESSET ATQVE STATOR;
 TVM DENIQVE AD ID SE NATVM RECOGNO-
 VIT ET REGEM FACTVM, VT CVRARET NE
 DOMINO IMPOTENTI CEDERENT PAX, FI-
 DES, FORTUNA, GENERIS HVMANI. AVC-
 TORI PUBLICAE FELICITATIS P. G. A. M. A.

VI.

FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE.

THOU, who the verdant plain dost traverse here,
 While Thames among his willows from thy view
 Retires; O stranger, stay thee, and the scene
 Around contemplate well. This is the place
 Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms
 And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king
 ('Then render'd tame) did challenge and secure
 The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
 Till thou hast bless'd their memory, and paid
 Those thanks which God appointed the reward
 Of public virtue. and if chance thy home
 Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
 Go, call thy sons: Instruct them what a debt
 They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
 To pay it, by transmitting down intire
 Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

VII.

THE WOOD NYMPH.

APPROACH in silence. 'tis no vulgar tale
Which I, the Dryad of this hoary oak,
Pronounce to mortal ears. The second age
Now hasteneth to its period, since I rose
On this fair lawn. The groves of yonder vale
Are, all, my offspring: And each Nymph, who guards
The copses and the furrow'd fields beyond,
Obeys me. Many changes have I seen
In human things, and many awful deeds
Of justice, when the ruling hand of Jove
Against the tyrants of the land, against
The unhallow'd sons of luxury and guile,
Was arm'd for retribution. Thus at length
Expert in laws divine, I know the paths
Of wisdom, and erroneous folly's end
Have oft presag'd: And now well-pleas'd I wait
Each evening till a noble youth, who loves
My shade, awhile releas'd from public cares,
Yon peaceful gate shall enter, and sit down
Beneath my branches. Then his musing mind
I prompt, unseen; and place before his view
Sincerest forms of good; and move his heart
With the dread bounties of the fire supreme
Of gods and men, with freedom's generous deeds,
The lofty voice of glory, and the faith
Of sacred friendship. Stranger, I have told

My function. If within thy bosom dwell
Aught which may challenge praise, thou wilt not leave
Unhonor'd my abode, nor shall I hear
A sparing benediction from thy tongue.

VIII.

YE powers unseen, to whom the bards of Greece
Erected altars; ye who to the mind
More lofty views unfold, and prompt the heart
With more divine emotions; if erewhile
Not quite unpleasing have my votive rites
Of you been deem'd when oft this lonely seat
To you I consecrated; then vouchsafe
Here with your instant energy to crown
My happy solitude. It is the hour
When most I love to invoke you, and have felt
Most frequent your glad ministry divine.
The air is calm: The sun's unveiled orb
Shines in the middle heaven. the harvest round
Stands quiet, and among the golden sheaves
The reapers lie reclin'd. The neighbouring groves
Are mute; nor even a linnet's random strain
Echoeth amid the silence. Let me feel
Your influence, ye kind powers. Aloft in heaven,
Abide ye? or on those transparent clouds
Pass ye from hill to hill? or on the shades
Which yonder elms cast o'er the lake below
Do you converse retir'd? From what lov'd haunt
Shall I expect you? Let me once more feel
Your influence, O ye kind inspiring powers:

And I will guard it well, nor shall a thought
 Rise in my mind, nor shall a passion move
 Across my bosom unobserv'd, unstor'd
 By faithful memory. and then at some
 More active moment, will I call them forth
 Anew; and join them in majestic forms,
 And give them utterance in harmonious strains;
 That all mankind shall wonder at your sway.

IX.

ME tho' in life's sequester'd vale
 The Almighty Sire ordain'd to dwell,
 Remote from glory's toilsome ways,
 And the great scenes of public praise;
 Yet let me still with grateful pride
 Remember how my infant frame
 He temper'd with prophetic flame,
 And early music to my tongue supply'd.

T'was then my future fate he weigh'd,
 And, This be thy concern, he said,
 At once with Passion's keen alarms,
 And Beauty's pleasurable charms,
 And sacred Truth's eternal light,
 To move the various mind of Man;
 Till under one unblemish'd plan,
 His Reason, Fancy, and his Heart unite.

T H E E N D.

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